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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

His Sentiments Regarding the Freckled Girl who has been Intimate with the Sunshine—A Psychic Wreck Cured in the Country—Individuality and Simulation—Things That are Never Discussed, Including Caprice—The Good Sense Actors Talk on Topics non-Professional—Two Characteristic Views of a Popular Question.

Carefully combing the hayseed from my hair and putting on my best homespun trousers, I came down to see Minnie Maddern once more in Caprice.

She reminds me of Burns' daisy, "wee, crimson-tipped," etc. I believe her hair is red. I know she is freckled—and oh, how I prize a freckled girl! I think I would go farther than any other man to see a freckled girl, for she never has any neuralgia or insomnia or hysterics. Give me the girl who has been intimate with the sunshine and I'll show you a girl whose feelings are superior to her sensations. I'll stake her conscience against her complexion. She never sees any ghosts and is liable to eat three meals a day and take a cold bath before breakfast.

I never see an anemic human lily with cornstarch for vertebrae and lymph for blood but I want to carry out Dr. Hall's prescription and tie her on a board and lay her in the sun.

You'll pardon me, I hope, for a passing panegyric on sunshine. I've just come out of it. You ought to cradle an acre or two of rye this weather at 94 degrees.

Sunshine is what our women want more than anything else, and especially our acting women. They lead noxious lives, and sooner or later tinge all their work with the night side of nature and life. They have a superstitious dread of the wholesome, direct, searching eye of noonday. They begin in life by being afraid of the dark and end it by being afraid of the light.

Every freckle on a girl's face is a testimonial—heaven-sent—of a wholesome fearlessness.

A year ago a psychic wreck was sent up to me by Dr. Hamilton. She was a beautiful waxen ghost. She never ate, she never slept, she sucked chloral by the hour. She was a charming vassal to her own nerves. She had lived on the night side of Bohemia where the gas-jet dieth not and the cigarette is not quenched. Her days were crowded with melancholia and her nights were full of phantoms. She wore a square smile that reminded you of the morgue. She was in a decline.

"Take her shoes off and let her run in a new furrow when the sun shines," said the doctor.

We starved her, we abused her, we got her out in the "hot broiling." She couldn't eat fat pork and molasses, and her white face looked in tearful at the Summer-kitchen where the slap jacks were browning. We cajoled her into the mountain turn, and a Summer shower pelted her and ran sweetly down from her white shoulders. We treated her like a dog. We scorched her, we drenched her, we tired her out, and, friends that we are, we saw her drop down at night, fagged and helpless, to sleep the deep, sweet sleep of peace, and wake up at sunrise.

There was a bobolink came every morning and sat on her window sill to taunt her, and one day she got up and begged for something to eat. She had got tired of nibbling water-biscuit.

"My dear," I said, "I'm afraid our homely fare will go agin you. [I always talk in this rustic style on my own place. If I were to use the phraseology of literature all my hands would quit.] There's nothing we can offer you but saleratus biscuit, cold, and home-cured bacon."

"In Heaven's name give me anything," she said, "so long as it is food." Her eye had a new light in it. 'Twas a noonday gleam. And, by the god of fire! there was a freckle on her pearly nose.

"I wanted to tell you," I remarked with a devilish gleam, "that I've told Sam to shoot that bird. He must annoy you, gurgling every morning on your window-sill."

"If you shoot that bird I'll never speak to you again as long as I live," she said. "I like it."

I got Mrs. Crinkle to set her a breakfast on the south veranda. "There be'n't a heap of things in the house I reckon," said Mrs. Crinkle, who has fallen into my rustic way of talking. But I yanked a couple of eight-inch

trout out of the brook, pulled some little French breakfast radishes out of the garden, with a few crisp leaves of lettuce; had a Spring chicken broiled and an omelette made of fresh white Brahma eggs and garnished with my own mushrooms and parsley. Then I put a fresh bottle of my best currant wine (1870) on the table and asked her to come down.

She opened her big blue eyes when she saw it. She sat under the shadow of the Virginia creeper, and thought she was at that corner table at Delmonico's. A cool air came steadily up the valley and blew the crimps over her forehead. She looked so fresh and dainty in her muslin dress, that if Mrs. Crinkle had not been there in the Summer kitchen watching us I would have made love to her just to keep up the café illusion.

But why dawdle over this now? We sent her back with browned cheeks and freckles.

the peculiarities, the angles, the asperities and the hardy traits of a locality.

Do you suppose that he could fill the role of a Louisianian or a Texas man? Don't you see that he has drawn the largest audiences for the longest time, not because of his mimetic ability, but because of his personality, to which every ligament of his play has been shaped and cut?

It used to be a common thing for actors to sink themselves out of sight in a part. Not to travel very far for an example, let me recall Lester Wallack when he first played Rosedale. His own patrons did not recognize him as the Gypsy in the Dell scene.

It is all very well to say that this simulation is not the highest kind of dramatic art, which I freely acknowledge; but you must agree with me that the kind of art which can never simulate anything, but depends upon the hard, bare accidents of personality, is the lowest kind of art.

He had the good sense to perceive, in spite of the enormous buncomb of his press notices, that Dr. Jekyll was no good. He must have felt it in his soul while the mob of friends were shouting, and he did not produce it in New York. The Boston verdict was enormous. The actor's verdict was "failure."

The actor was right. The book from which he scraped the play together is an irrational piece of sensationism in which the impossible tries to smirk as a possible mystery. It belongs to the current nonsense which Haggard is grinding out with a marvellous scientific inaccuracy and a fecundity that puts Miss Braddon to the blush.

It's a dime museum order of literature at the best, in which morbid monstrosities are exhibited as natural wonders.

Still, as I remarked, or if I didn't, as I meant to remark, this is not sticking to Minnie Maddern.

actors in the lobby, the brokers in the hotel vestibule, the club-men in the café, the women in the boxes, discussing Dr. McGlynn.

Do you know why?

Because Dr. McGlynn came as near being a hero and a martyr, in a day that doesn't produce either in large quantities, as a man ever gets who stops just short of being either.

It is curious to note the tone of arguing comment among Protestants and Catholics of the judicious sort. It is a deprecating tone.

And it's amazing what a lot of good sense an actor will talk when he isn't discussing a play.

There were two of them in the vestibule of the Bijou Theatre. One was a Protestant and the other a Catholic, though I dare say neither of them had been inside of any church but the Little one Round the Corner (which appears to occupy a unique middle ground between all sects for the assembling of every faith) since they were boys.

Said the Catholic: "I suppose I am about as irreligious a man as ever was brought up to respect the faith of my fathers, but I can't understand how a priest who has taken vows of obedience and kept them for the greater part of his life can turn around and break them all the moment he cannot have his own way. But even that is comprehensible beside the spectacle of a priest defaming his spiritual father and burlesquing his church organization at the dictate of a Sunday-night audience of politicians."

Said the Protestant: "On the question of irreligion I shake hands with you. I shouldn't object to Dr. McGlynn's stand against what he calls ecclesiastical interference with his rights as an American citizen if he hadn't tunked the fight. He was invited to come to Rome and defend his position. Heavens, what a chance! The whole world would have followed him with breathless interest. Religious freedom would have watched every step of his way. Standing alone before the Propaganda, a single man, armed with a conviction, dignified by a lofty determination, representing the rights of man as against dogmatic tradition, reverent, sincere, brave and fearless, he should have gone as Luther went to Worms, and freedom of thought, liberalism and liberty of conscience all over the globe would have gone with him. What an issue! The Church would not have dared to raise up another Luther in this Western world. Think of the enormous dramatic possibilities of it. Think of the historic opportunity, and then think of McGlynn—dodging, ignoring, playing sick, and tickling himself with Henry George's patronage and the applause of his Sunday night crowd!"

Here these two men, who in an American atmosphere could bridge sectarianism with a handshake, having summed up the matter from a dramatic standpoint, threw their cigarettes away and went back to Minnie Maddern, very much as Montaigne, after an hour's philosophy, went and played with his cat.

And this reminds me that I haven't spoken about Minnie Maddern yet.

But my intention has been good, and if it were not for that late train that I have to catch, I'll be hanged if I wouldn't say something about her yet.

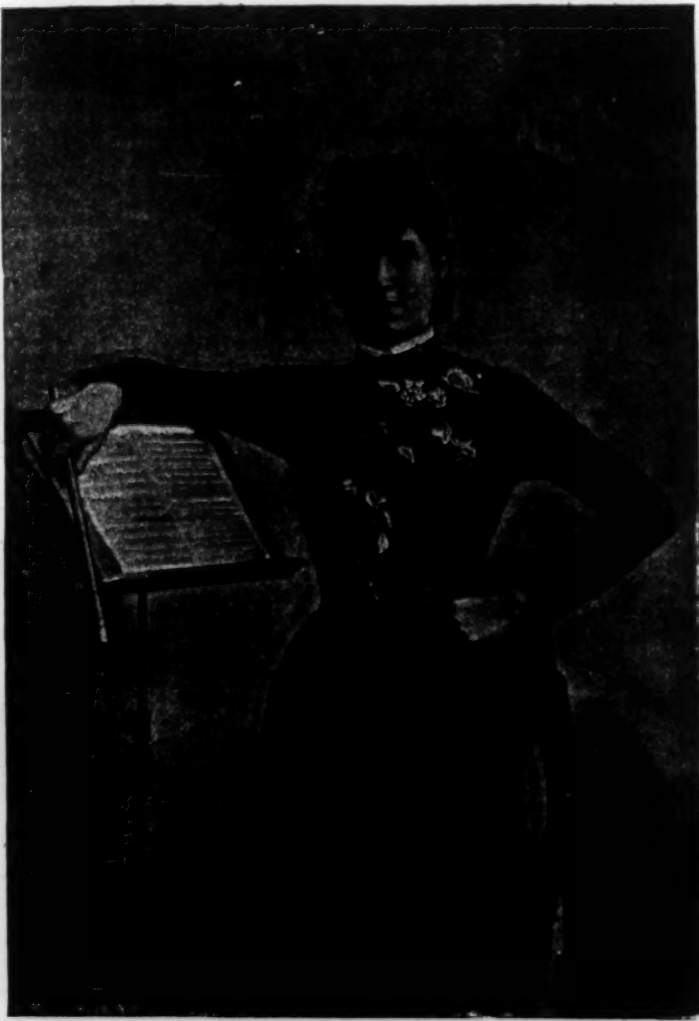
NYM CRINKLE.

Busy on "Production."

"Just now I am busily engaged on The Still Alarm, which is to be produced at the Fourteenth Street Theatre on August 29," said Ben Teale to a MIRROR reporter. "On Sept. 3 I superintend the production of Dark Secrets at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. This is a melodrama that has been very successful abroad."

"In one scene the entire stage is converted into part of the River Thames, on which a regatta is taking place. But it by no means depends upon scenic effects for drawing power."

"With regard to Clito, the production of which at the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco, on Sept. 26, I superintend, it must be known that it opens Mr. Hayman's regular season, and that as he puts it on for a run, it is his intention to accurately reproduce the London production. Eben Plympton will play Clito and Kate Forsyth Helle. A young man from this city, with whom negotiations have not yet been closed, will play Glauca. Models for the scenery and designs for the dresses and properties are on their way here from London. Besides all this, I have written a spectacular drama, in collaboration with Fred. Moser, that will probably be produced at Niblo's Garden the middle or latter part of the season. It has already been disposed of."



EMMA R. STEINER.

Cured, country cured. And I attributed it all to the sunshine.

Now, to return to Minnie Maddern. I always had a sneaking admiration for that little woman's naturalness and homeliness. She does a lot of things in the quaintest, untheatrical manner; but they have a charm of earnestness that cannot be denied.

It is one of those cases in which it is impossible to rink the personality of the actress. She will always be Minnie Maddern in whatever she does. But I believe most people will prefer to have her in that role.

Fancy, if you can, Denman Thompson being anything else than Denman Thompson for even five minutes. I have seen him twenty times, but I never once saw him act. He simply walks on in his unique New Hampshire personality. He is Josh Whitcomb on or off the stage, and Josh Whitcomb happens to be a strong New England type, carrying with it

An actor may not be always able to deceive the senses—although, by the way, it is one of the cheapest and easiest things to do, and Henry Lee will do it for you with costume oftener and better than any man I know—but an actor ought to be able to excite the imagination of the observer.

And this reminds me of a late example of the cheap double-identity business which depended almost entirely on a visual illusion, and consequently failed in the artistic sense. I refer to Mr. Mansfield's Dr. Jekyll. The actor came up smiling as Prince Karl.

Mr. Mansfield is what I call a smart actor. He has a multitudinous olio versatility. He can do a thousand tricks of voice and gesture; he is mimetically clever; but in morbid psychology he is about as much at home as a sviph would be in submarine armor, or a Knight of Labor in dove-colored tights and wings.

I went to see Caprice very much as a man after his day's work goes and sits on his steps and watches the girls and boys playing croquet on his lawn, or as a fellow after wrestling with Berlioz and Liszt goes home and asks his daughter to play "The Last Rose of Summer."

Nobody ever discusses Caprice. Did you ever hear anybody discuss "The Last Rose of Summer?"

There are some things that are never discussed. Imagine a man trying to convince the world by argument that he loves his own mother. If men were to do this they would remind you of the anti-poverty people who meet on Sunday night and pass resolutions to abolish impecuniousness from the face of the globe.

Then, again, there are things that everybody discusses, from the car-driver to the Cardinal. Dr. McGlynn is one of them. I found the

At the Theatres.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE—MONSIEUR.

Andre Roussi Marie de Jadot. Richard Mansfield
Alice Golden. Beatrice Cameron
Mrs. Elsiebeth Ann Golden. Josephine Lawrence
Mrs. Mary Pettigrow. Anne O'Neill
Mrs. Morton. Helen Glidden
Sally. Johnstone Bennett
Tom Vanderhuyzen. John T. Sullivan
Kara J. Golden. D. H. Harkins
Morris Saunders. Joseph Frankau
Popples. Harry Gwynette
The Hon. Charles Mt. Vernon. John Parry

Richard Mansfield is a clever young man with a smattering of knowledge and a diversity of minor accomplishments that combine to make him on the stage a decidedly agreeable and entertaining person. He is an adept in speaking several dialects; composes and sings pretty songs with originality and grace; possesses distinct talent in sketching character and has a marked, if not always delicate, sense of humor. Monsieur, which was presented to a good-sized and friendly gathering at the Madison Square on Monday evening, was written by Mr. Mansfield and designed as a light and reasonable production.

Like peachblow fizz and claret cup, Monsieur is likely to have a run of popularity as long as the thermometer continues to keep men's minds fixed on cool and frothy things. It is a whimsical, amusing conceit excellently adapted, in spite of its crudities and defects, to the purposes of the author and of the devoted band of Summer playgoers. The playbill calls it a "domestic sketch," which, under the circumstances, and considering the narrow confines of familiar theatrical nomenclature, is perhaps as accurately descriptive as the occasion demands. There are mingled in it a modicum of pathos, a dash of farce and a good deal of comedy, pure and simple. The plot is wildly improbable, and the more glaring improbabilities are dodged in its working out with undaunted unconcern. The characters—at least some of them—are boldly and consistently drawn. The situations are moderately effective. Much of the dialogue is silly, dall or inconsequential; a portion of it is bright and characteristically unconventional. What *finest* there is in Monsieur is supplied by the actors. The piece itself contains neither fine nor dainty work.

But the last-mentioned want in no respect militated against the success of the performance in the estimation of the first-night house. The coarser texture of the lines the more readily does a midsummer audience respond with laughter and applause. It was only the faithful side of Monsieur's adventures that appealed to the spectators; but it appealed irresistibly, and there were consequently present an atmosphere of delight and expectancy as well as heat throughout the evening. Mr. Mansfield, both for his play and his playing, was honored with several calls; one member of the cast received special marks of approbation for a racy character bit; there were one or two "curtains," and the representation generally elicited the tokens of popular acceptance and approval.

The story of Monsieur is slight and briefly told. Andre is a poor but sanguine French composer of noble lineage who, coming to America, is deluded by the promises of a Maplesonian impresario who has agreed to bring out his opera. He has fallen in love with Alice, the daughter of a pair of parvenus, Mr. and Mrs. Golden—one of the results of employing a foreign aristocrat to teach music to a romantic and impressionable young girl. Monsieur comes to the Golden's one evening to entertain their friends. Sitting at the piano, singing one of his songs, he is suddenly overcome by the pangs of hunger and falls fainting to the floor. Alice throws herself upon his prostrate body, and, in a fit of anxious fear, reveals to her parents and the rest the secret of her heart. When Monsieur recovers and gets on his feet again, Mrs. Golden orders him to leave the house. Alice elects to go with him.

Two months pass and we find Monsieur and his young wife in cheap lodgings, living on hope and a limited supply of chicken sandwiches. This act is made up of small incidents, none of them especially advancing the action of the piece, but all of them designed to illustrate the impractical yet courageous efforts of the amiable Monsieur to keep something on the table and protect his somewhat exaggerated sense of honor. "Pride forbids him to accept a loan from a friend, but he is willing to pawn one thing after another while indulging dreams of a golden to-morrow." Seeing his young wife suffering from privation and hardships. She is loyal to him through this time of stress, and he is never too hungry to say or do something drolly ingenious. The last act takes the spectator to Narragansett Pier, where the various *dramatis personae*, including Monsieur and Madame Jadot, are quartered for the Summer. The audience are informed almost at the beginning of the act that the Frenchman has fallen heir to a title and vast property, but he does not hear of it until the curtain is about to drop, when he is able to heap coals of fire on the head of mother in law Golden, who through the financial collapse of her husband is now ready to forgive and forget and accept the bounty of the titled Andre. The latter is further compensated for his previous troubles by the news that his beloved opera has scored a triumph.

Mr. Mansfield was thoroughly at home as Monsieur. His Gallic accent, to be sure, differed little from the broken English of the Teutonic Prince Karl; but it was foreign-sufficient valsembance for the amiable audience. His make-up, however, was thoroughly

artistic. In the first act, the appearance of ill-concealed hunger and want was excellently reproduced. Such unfortunate foreigners as Andre are plentiful in this city—poor wretches with a superabundance of education and accomplishments and a scarcity of the knack of "getting on" in a strange land where wealth and happiness go hand in hand, and the refined alien legatee of misfortune is pretty certain to be left behind in the mad race for lucre. You can see these pathetic persons—their delicately moulded features pinched with want, their eyes hollowed by weary waiting and disappointment, their garments frayed and shabby—infesting the music stores. You can find them painfully plodding home at night to attic rooms in the French quarter; you can observe them in the cellar *cafes* hungrily scanning the advertisements of the *Courier des Etats Unis*; you can occasionally read grisly tales of their suicide amid the gaunt surroundings of abject poverty in the local columns of the *Herald*. Mr. Mansfield gives us the more amusing phases of such a character, merely touching upon the dark and tragic side; but in Monsieur de Jadot he has placed before us a true and an interesting figure in the bewildering kaleidoscope of metropolitan life. It goes almost without saying that the actor brought his native ease of manner and drollery of expression to bear upon the characterization, and that he sang two or three melodious songs with his accustomed grace.

Miss Cameron was somewhat artificial and constrained in the part of Alice. The assertion of her love in the first act was, however, very fervent and natural, and her attractive presence and gentle manner did much throughout to redeem the above-noted shortcomings. Miss Bennett as Sally, a "tough" maid-of-all work, achieved the signal success of the night. The part is short but every line in it is telling. Sally is a rather exaggerated specimen of the frowsy servant to be found in the cheap boarding-houses. Sally is evidently a graduate of the streets or the slums, and has got the gamin vernacular pat, betokening an early career as a news-girl or a familiar association with the Whyos and their picnics. Miss Bennett, we believe, was formerly with one of Mr. Hoyt's farce companies, and it was there no doubt that she obtained proficiency in the exposition of the species of "toughness" which, transplanted to the Madison Square stage, was found to be so refreshing. After her first scene she was enthusiastically recalled. In the last act, as the trim maid at a Narragansett cottage, Miss Bennett's face was visible without the soot that previously disfigured it. It was seen to be a bright, intelligent and pretty face.

Anne O'Neill, a stylish young girl, made her debut in the small part of Mrs. Pettigrow. She showed many of the merits of an experienced actress and few of the *gaucheries* of the novice. Miss Glidden gave to the voluble and lugubrious lodging-house keeper a genuine touch of character.

Mr. Sullivan is rather too heavy for light comedy, but he is a good actor within the limits of his legitimate line of business. As Vanderhuyzen he was manly and hearty, if somewhat ponderous and noisy. Mr. Harkins was "fluffy" as the millionaire Golden—a role which offers scope for really humorous treatment. In the hands of an actor like Lemoyne, accustomed to character work, it would stand out. Mr. Harkins has been wearing the hump of Richard so long that the jump to Golden is a long one. He will no doubt become easy in the part in time, for he is an experienced and adaptable actor. Mr. Frankau played the villain, Saunders, capably, and again demonstrated his adeptness in the art of making up. Mr. Gwynette was capital as Popples, and Mr. Parry, as the young Englishman, was unobtrusively amusing.

The piece is staged neatly but not richly. The scene at Narragansett is inartistic. At the right in the foreground we see an overhanging cottage porch; beneath it is a monstrosity in the form of a stiff ground piece supposed to represent flowers. The backcloth, if it was intended to truthfully depict the spot, is a failure. The chair that Monsieur talks about pawning in Act Two is of a pattern that is never found in cheap lodgings-houses. The use of a vichy siphon by Vanderhuyzen to stop the talk of Mr. Vernon is a vulgar minstrel trick.

Jack Sheppard was the bill at the Windsor Theatre on Monday night and drew a fair house. N. S. Wood gave a good impersonation of the title role and frenzied the gods with delight. Joseph P. Winter was an excellent Jonathan Wild, and Maurice Pike was in his element as Blueskin. Frank Doud's Kneebone was a very amusing performance. James F. Tighe did fairly as Thames Darrell. Of course, Mrs. W. G. Jones was warmly welcomed as Mrs. Sheppard. Marie La Gross and Millie Sackett were seen to good advantage as Mrs. Wood and Rachel, respectively. This week closes the Windsor season.

The Highest Bidder steadily maintains its popularity at the Lyceum. Mr. Sothorn is likely to pass the 100th anniversary this Summer. Had the comedy been brought out in the Autumn it would undoubtedly have run the season through.

They are preparing to celebrate the 400th representation of Erminie on Thursday next at the Casino, when a number of novelties will be seen and visitors will take away pretty

souvenirs. The operette abateeth not in drawing powers.

Indiana was revived at Wallack's by the McCaull forces on Monday. The tuneless score was, on the whole, enjoyably rendered, Miss Manola, Mr. Bell and the other principals working conscientiously and more or less effectively for the applause of the fair-sized audience. The theatre is kept in a comfortable condition by the cooling machine, without which no place of amusement now has a show at this time of year.

The Fall of Babylon attracts large crowds to St. George, Staten Island. The spectacle is well worth seeing.

Synopsis of the Jolly Sextet (Limitless).

[A yule-tide symposium at which all the distinguished members show their hands.]
The greatest grace of a play is its copy nature and its lack of life.—DOCTOR JOHNSON.

Our new heraldry is hands, not hearts!—OTHELLO.

TIME—CHRISTMAS EVE, '86.

All the plays in the city are over.
And Cas, coming in, says "I guess"
To his jocular friend, Mr. Grover,
"Jim the 'Peasant's' a 'house' success.
Andrew Wheeler'll be here in a moment;
He's been keeping his self mighty shy."
Here Wheeler bars all further comment,
Coming in with the massive Mackaye;
Then Mayo drops in from the People's
And Barrymore straight from the 'quare.
And twelve from the neighboring steeples
Toils out on the still midnight air.

"Merry Christmas!" Cas, says, greeting Wheeler.
"Merry Christmas, Barry! Christmas, Frank!
Grover, Merry Christmas! Christmas, Steele, eh.
Have a drink with us—we haven't drank!"

When interchange of greeting
At meeting
Kada,
The oil-
Repeating
Of treating
Lends
To Venus aloft
In the spray
A soft
Expression of admonition.
Seeing all in prime condition
For the fray,
She really seems to say:

"Remember: friends, it's Christmas, and it comes but once a year.
Be careful in your arguments and grow not too severe.
I know your little frailties—oh, I've watched you many times.
God knows of jars we've had enough—to-night's a night for chimes."

"And although the decorations on the walls are in a style
Most undoubtedly constructed with a view to churning
Soar above the fell infection—keep on soaring, just like me,
A convalescent Venus from a super-bilious sea."

"And don't get talking all at once," she furthermore
Abjures.
"Deal gently with the fixtures—they're not heavily insured.
The landlords beg at A. A. M. their cafe may be cleared
If for their house you care A. Dam—should surely be done."

By a vote of acclamation, Mr. Mayo takes the chair,
And a Carolina potpourri is quoted then and there.
Cas, revokes and takes a Reine, which he promptly bites
And lights.
And half apologetically softly murmurs "Brights!"

Then Mayo says, "The question, 'What the Public Really Need,'
Is before us for discussion. Let me state ere we proceed
Members may absorb three minutes, if they have the luck—no more!"
Mr. Wheeler doffs his alster; Mr. Grover takes the floor.

"The 'pulp of the matter,' commences Old Fel.
"Resolves itself into this:
Fix a comedy 'trick,' and each act with a yell,
And assault 'em—slap bang, hit or miss!
Pure punishment, plot and preamble.
Men hate to keep clapping their brains.
Nine times out of ten it's the 'gamble.'
That money, important, obtains,
Like the Boarding-House 'deal' for example,
That 'trap' was so set to a pin.
Stale cheese, crisply toasted, was ample;
'Pub' nibbled, then bit and fell in.
Hamlet method with modifications,
A god's moral! certainty 'snap.'
For positive realization,
The 'game' or the 'trick' is the 'trap'!"

"Les, that's all poppycock. Ugh! The 'game' or the 'trick'—simply rhot.
Don't tell me what the public demand is a drama devoid of a plot.
Why, never in all of the years that I wrote over there for the Square
Did I witness a single success in the comedy line that was fair—
Save a farce that I stole from the French—I farce o' the name o' French Flats,
And that had a plot. My reply to the statement you offer is *Rhats!*
Plot in the play of to-day is a moilgy significant factor.
But plays of to-day are all right; what the public now need is an actor."

[Steele here direct goes
And orders perfections.]

Mr. Mayo calls Mr. Cazauran to order, and begs the gentlemen to confine their remarks to the discussion of the subject, which has reference solely to plays. As a play must be written before it can be cast actors, are an after consideration. Whereupon, to the delight of all present, Mr. A. C. Wheeler lights a cigarette and, taking the floor, says:

"In the argument advanced by Mr. Grover, though clothed in the paraphernalia of the vernacular, I recognize an old friend of mine. Arguing from an isolated case he means to say: 'A successful caterer to amusement-loving palates issues a manifesto to this effect: "I am running a Boarding-House on Broadway. Dinner every night at 8. All are invited. Come and dine with me. I have a feast for you. A new dish which will delight you!" All come, and not only come, but bring their appetites; and sit down, and with the relish of so many epicures devour the new dish set before them. Many pass their plates up a second time, and all—physicians, lawyers, members of the press, men about town—unite in one salvo of praise for what they are pleased to term the latest triumph in the art of dramatic cookery. The mystery to them is a delightful one, and without stopping to solve it they pronounce the dish one fit for the gods; and an orator, born of the occasion, in sentences sesquipedalian, lauds the name and fame of its creator as deserving a medalion in bronze and his creation a fit theme for sonnets. The caterer and his wonderful dish become the chief topics of conversation on 'Change, in the cafe and the foyers of theatres, etc., and a banquet in honor of both is given at Delmonico's. In a moment of exhilaration and wine, the hero of the hour, in response to the repeated entreaties of the entire board, consents to lift the veil and expose the identity of the dish, which proves to be nothing more nor less than a mystery quite well known to all—a mystery frequently found in Boarding-Houses and commonly known as "hash"—in the present instance garnished by a mayonnaise of chestnuts."

"In a word, the end justifies the means. The public do not care what makes them laugh as

long as they laugh. They are entertained by a good story well told, and after telling a good story—well, the next thing to do is to ring it; hence I hold the opinion that comic opera—"

What Mr. Wheeler's remarks would have led to the gentlemen present were prevented from knowing, as Mr. Barrymore, interrupting, said:

"Kindly listen to me, dear old chap—And, now, mind you, I don't mean to say your deductions are not quite correct; they are tantamount ones in a way. To my own—but for reasons I find—Mind, of course, these are only my views! And for obvious ones that the kind Of a play that the public now choose Should be written on different lines Than the ones you suggest, I should say. Melodramas and those in the main Like "Rh Nordick" prompts Mayo.] Good scheme; Mr. Nadjerd is more in the vein. It deals with the Socialist theme."

"Barry!" ejaculated Steele, and his manner is quite confidential.
"Hammers the nail on its head, and just why he is right let me tell you.
At present throughout our great nation, that boasts of its wealth and its freedom,
Slumbers a gorger whose growth is steadfastly daily increasing;
Whose diet is cities and towns, whose ultimate offspring is ashes.
Whose clutches will chowder the globe into seething conglomerate chaos.
Something must shortly be done to arrest the career of this monster.
I believe that 'the play is the thing' which will prove an immediate lesson!
[Steele talks in hexameter verse and eccentric at times are his spongers,
And frequently gestures he makes on the whole are not strictly Delartean.]
A word to the man who asserts that the trick or the game is the thing—trap;
To me such a mortal sin Art is a manifest mole and a Megumum.
The play which the public demand I have late been engaged in creating.
Anarchy, friends, is its title; but don't let it go any further.
And now, if you'll lend me your ears, I will briefly re-arrange a synopsis."

At this moment Mr. Mayo called time and informed Mr. Mackaye that he had overstepped the allotted three minutes by fully one quarter of a minute. Thereupon Mr. Mackaye insisted that the subject was one of such intense interest that he ought to be given time.

Mr. Grover suggested six months as not entirely out of the way.

Mr. Mayo, however, said that as this was Mr. Mackaye's first offence, he would grant him the customary ten minutes for difference in watches.

Mr. Mackaye was about to continue when Mr. Barrymore introduced Mr. Red Heron Allen, the chiropodist, who had just entered, and by request of the chair that distinguished gentleman proceeded to make a casual examination of the palms of the illustrious gentlemen present. Mr. Barrymore, however, did not submit his hand for inspection, as it was frightfully swollen, owing to the fact that a few evenings previous a club-man had run against it uptown in the dark.

"In this hand" [Mr. Mayo's], said Mr. Allen, "I observe that its possessor has the ability 'to do, to act and perform.' I trace that imperturbable energy to push the right thing to the goal of success. My advice to Mr. Mayo is, however, in the language of his old friend, Davy Crockett, 'First be sure your right, then go ahead!'"

Mr. Mackaye extended his hand next, and Mr. Allen exclaimed, in ecstatic tones: "There is a gossamer between you, sir, and a gigantic enterprise!"

Mr. Barrymore desired to know whether the gossamer mentioned was to be taken in the sense of a web or a thin rubber overcoat, and the pleasure of purchasing the wine was accorded to Mr. Mackaye.

It would take up half a column to tell the many, many complimentary things Mr. Allen said upon examination of the hand of Mr. Leonard Grover. One thing he did say we must mention; it was this: "You have a tendency to wander into broad fields of abstruse speculation. Confine your speculations to the caves of knowledge, and you will most certainly unearth another Treasure Trove!"

"This is the most truly remarkable set of lines I have seen in the whole course of my existence," said Mr. Allen, as he dallied with the left duke of Mr. Augustus Reginald Cazauran. "You, sir, have certainly had hard lines."

"All my life," said Mr. Cazauran; "but I gave Charley Thorne some pretty soft ones to speak in The Banker's Daughter."

"I notice in your hand a striking resemblance to the one attached to the arm of our illustrious friend, Colonel Tom Ochiltree."

Mr. Allen was about to examine Mr. A. C. Wheeler's palm, when George Middleton entered and the gas went out.

GEORGE HAWLEY.

Stage Weapons.

The very mention of stage arms recalls a host of memories of early days, of which, among the most vivid, are the small stages for boys and the penny sheets of highly colored "characters for Richardson's show" which used to be sold at Lacey's little bandbox of a shop in the London Strand, and which little but well-known store is now the "Cave of Adullam," whence have emanated so many important theatrical ventures of the family of French.

Among the most popular of those sheets of characters were Black-Eyed Susan, in which a sailor (supposed, of course, to be T. P. Cooke, the most conventional of all stage sailors, although he had really been before the mast) was striking a fierce and blustering attitude and flourishing a cutlass with a blade as broad as himself; Dick Turpin, with a pistol; Macbeth, having Macbeth and Duncan in an attitude of fence, armed with "target and claymore," and Muley Hassan, with the Grand Turk in raggy breeches and a turban, about to strike off the head of a slave with a Scimitar (capital S, if you please, Mr. Printer).

Richard the Third was another favorite, the humpbacked hero having long ringlets and a formidable dagger.

So much for the mimic stage. On the real stage these swords and daggers were made of wood. Kemble used a wooden sword, and so did Macready and the elder Booth. Forrest did sometimes, but sometimes had the real thing, and it is said that when so armed the actors with him were not a little alarmed; for when the trance-like spell, which is Nym Crinkle's latest definition of genius, came over him and his eye, like the poet's, was "in a fine frenzy rolling," he was not a little dangerous, and it was a relief to have the fencing bout over. The same sort of danger attends Herr Schott, the opera singer, who in a stage fight goes for his adversary with a vigor and skill far too realistic to be pleasant, and just as if he "meant business." Only last season he very nearly poked out the eye of another vocal celebrity. Well, in the days of the wooden swords, realism and chronology

were not of so much account as now, and so they were made pretty much in the same mould. Guns and pistols have always been real, because their real object being to make a bang, anything in the way of imitation would have too much tendency to "spoil." At the present epoch real weapons in all their endless variety are used, and the armory of a large opera house is often as interesting as an arsenal museum. *Par parenthese*, we may say that of all such museums in the world, and there are many, possibly the most interesting historically and for beauty of arrangement are those of the Tower of London and at Toulon in France, where all conceivable weapons are ranged into remarkable patterns and bouquets of flowers. There is in the stage armory one weapon not to be found in the others, and that is the sword which breaks its blade at the right moment and leaves the heavy villain at the mercy of the virtuous hero.

Recently, through the courtesy of Ernest Bradwell, we made a minute inspection of the small-arms department at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, where there are examples of weapons of all ages and countries. Among the curiosities of this collection is a curved sword of Turkish pattern, used in The Queen of Sheba. This sword has a scabbard with a shoe of remarkable shape, like the hoof of an animal. The short, broad-bladed Roman dagger used by Salvini is said to be a faithful copy of a genuine specimen found in the ruins of Pompeii. It is, however, worn slung on the hip, whereas the more usual Roman fashion was to sling it by a short shoulder strap right close up under the armpit. The small arms used for Wagner's mythological series of operas are of patterns supposed to be used by the early Britons and Gauls, having handles of horn and with scabbards of plaited leather thongs studded with nails. Bows and arrows are also a feature of this set of operas.

The armory also boasts some elegant rapiers with jewelled hilts. A due regard to economy makes a selection of certain swords for the purpose of combat, the others being worn for show. These are notched with evidences of Herr Schott's fencing vigor till they look as if they might be used to saw wood.

We should think that for elimination of the dangers attending even the mimic use of real weapons, and for the cheapness and beauty of finish which might be brought to bear, celluloid and the various hardened or semi-hardened, preparations of caoutchouc might replace steel in the manufacture of stage arms. These are substances workable in moulds, capable of high polish, free from liability to rust, light to handle, and sufficiently elastic to render an accidental blow much more endurable than one from the edge of a steel blade.

S. C.

Dramas Appropriated by Play-Pirates.
(Published for the information of resident managers who desire to avoid infringements.)

Arrah-na-Pogue. Only a Woman's Heart.
Bob. Only a Farmer's Daughter.
Big Bonanza. Our Boarding-House.
Colleen Bawn. Fashion's Slave.
Davy Crockett. Queen's Evidence.
Divorce. Queens.
Dreadnought. Kossels.
Duchess. Roman's Eye.
Emeralda. Streets of New York.
Fog's Ferry. The Phoenix.
Fate. Two Orphans.
Galle Slave. The Vigilantes.
Hazel Kirke. The Flirt.
Held by the Enemy. The Danites.
Hearts of Oak. The Silver King.
Jim the Freeman. The Old Homestead.
Joshua Whitcomb. The Banker's Daughter.
Jacqueline. The Black Crook.
Kenrick. The Wages of Sin.
Lights of London. The Private Secretary.
Long Strike. The Pavements of Paris.
Little Detective. Taken from Life.
Lynwood. The Guy'soor.
May Blossom. The World.
Miles. The Octoroon.
My Partner. Under the Gaillit.
Michael Strigo. Uncle Dan!
Monte Cristo. Young Miss Winthrop.
Mountain Pick. Zip.

Those possessing information as to the unauthorized production of other copyrighted plays are cordially invited to add to this list, and the same invitation is extended to those who may be able to add to the list below.

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The Giddy Gusher.



No one knows what a pull it is on the gigantic intellect of the Gusher to grind out an interesting department with the thermometer at a 100 in the ice-box and everybody doing something to make you miserable. This weather has its uses. It will acclimatize us for that Summer land for which we are heading, and it will make me desperately contented with a snow-bank next Winter.

I sit and think how easy some literary folks get their living. Look at Howells and James (I don't mean the big London shopkeepers, but the novelists). To write such books as they produce must be as easy as lying. Thinking it over, I believe I'll try it on myself and give my Gusher readers a tale. So here goes to write a story this week instead of a Gusher, and call it

THE YANKEE COUSIN.

There were three of us at home when Jenny Millet's letter came—mother, little Ben and I. Father had been dead a year, and we were drifting on, living as inexpensively as possible; for the plain little house in which we were born and about two acres of lawn and garden was all of fortune he had left us.

"We'd best stop here, Nelly," said mother. "The rector will see that Ben's education goes on, and I think by selling that part of the ground adjoining Sir John's Park—as his steward advises—we will be able to pay our household expenses for at least a few years. The mourning your uncle sent from London will be all we shall need for that time. We can dispense with Bennett—though I hate to lose Bennett—and for twenty-four months, at all events, the wolf will be driven from the door."

"And then, mother?" I asked. "Something may change the heart of that ungrateful man. Ben will be able to take a position, let us hope. We will not be entirely hopeless, Nelly."

"But, mother dear, if we could only keep the dear old place intact. I love every inch of it. I believe it would break my heart to see the orchard absorbed in the stately grounds yonder, and that proud, pompous Sir John setting his hedgerows close against the house."

"That proud and pompous Sir John will not enjoy his estate much longer. Millward, the steward, tells me he is past recovery, and the physicians say he will never return from the South of France."

"So much the worse, for young Sir John will be a more unpleasant neighbor than his father."

"That we cannot tell."

"Common report, dear mother—"

"Common report, my child, is oftener at fault than any other source," said my mother. And here entered Bennett, the staid and trustworthily maid-of-all-work, who had given us our daily bread all the years of our lives, bearing a letter for Mrs. Mathilde Millet. I saw mother's brow cloud as she read it, and when the door closed behind the faithful old Bennett, the letter dropped with a sigh on her bombazine lap and poor mother gasped out:

"It's from America, Nelly, and a dreadful American cousin is coming to visit us. Come! She must have come," she added, as she picked up the envelope. "This is post-marked New York, July 17, and she says she leaves on the White Star steamer Baltic June 17. It has probably come over with her. Perhaps she came up from Liverpool to London on the train with it. Whatever can have sent one of Hugh Millet's daughters over to England at this most inauspicious time?"

Mother groaned. I took the letter she extended and read:

New York, July 15.
DEAR AUNT:—Pa got the news of Uncle Cyril's death while he was at the ranch in Montana. It fairly staggered him, for he had made up his mind to go over this month and see his favorite brother. So he wrote me and said: "Jenny, you have been counting on this Summer trip; there's nothing now for me to go for, but you go all the same and see your cousin Nelly. If she'd like to see the States, let her come back with you. Business will keep me here quite three months. Be back by the first of October. Just you go in and have a good time."

"Good mercy," commented I, "how unlike father! Letting that girl come away over here alone!"

"It's frightful," murmured mother.

"And she's very young?" said I.

"She's exactly your age, and has been motherless since she was a year old."

"However will she make that voyage alone? Something dreadful will happen to her!"

"She is probably a plain little thing; the picture sent of her at ten showed her a lanky, gawky creature. It would be quite a different thing for you, my child; you could not travel alone."

Poor mother! Her fond eyes saw dangerous beauty in her only daughter that was not visible to less partial eyes. So I smiled as I resumed the reading of my cousin Jenny's letter. There was but little more. She told how she had secured her passage, and looked forward to a splendid time in a land she had always longed to visit.

Brother Ben searched the shipping news of the day's paper and discovered that the *Baltic* had reached her dock in Liverpool early the day before.

"Herecoming is so inopportune," said mother; "when our affairs are so unsettled and my mind so disturbed. A strange element of any kind is not to be desired, much less the boyish, unformed American character that I am almost sure we shall find in your cousin—a person difficult to control and utterly unlike any of our neighbors' daughters. It will be perfectly awful if she should be here when Sir John comes of age."

The great event of many years was to take place the next month, when young John Lenox, only son of the Sir John who owned the country for miles around and lay ill unto death in France, should come of age. The preparations had been going on for months. There was to be a ball and fireworks by night for the "quality," and a barbecue and merry-making for the village people by day. It was my first ball—my first appearance as a young lady in society—and for importance no event ever before compared in interest with it. Straightened though the family purse was, a delicate silken tissue had been purchased and a robe for my debut constructed.

John Lenox had been abroad five years. We all remembered him as a big florid youth on a spanking bay horse, charging over the country like a special courier. From time to time gossip had reached us of his proceedings in London, Paris and Berlin; of a dreadful row with his father over his losses at Monaco, and finally of the grand reconciliation. It was by old Sir John's orders the great rejoicings were in course of preparation. The doctors agreed the old man would live till the leaves fell. Young John's twenty-first birthday occurred the last day of July, and the young man, after spending it with his tenantry, would hurry to the fond father and remain with him to the end that was so near.

As I thought of this momentous occasion, and the dread necessity of taking with me some gawky, ill-fed relative from the wilds of America, I, too, perhaps shared my mother's anxiety. But I had not long to suffer the pangs of apprehension, for a commotion on the veranda told of an arrival, and Ben, open-mouthed and eager, burst through the drawing-room windows.

"She's come, Nell! Right out of the Arabian Nights—a fairy princess."

The boy was off like an arrow. Evidently the newcomer had impressed Ben, and roused our curiosity, for mother and I stepped through the French window and went forward to greet our relative.

A laurel-bordered walk ran to the road, and the figure we saw walking toward us under the full-flowered boughs I shall never forget. Taller, straighter than myself—and I was accounted a fine, willowy figure—with a step that did not crush the fallen blossoms beneath her feet, her bright face aglow with health and expectant pleasure—there was my Yankee cousin Jennie.

A perfectly fitting travelling dress, of myrtle green, showing a facing here and there of pistache, the darkest green in her hat and the lightest shade in a perky little wing that appeared itself over a head of splendid pale gold hair—the color one finds on the children often, but on the adult very seldom. The figure reached the porch, and with a hand held out to each exclaimed:

"Dear aunt Mathilde! Cousin Nelly, I hope you are as glad to see me as I am to see you."

I know she had no opportunity to notice mother's frigid answer, for I flung my arms about her neck and kissed her heartily. I know mother was more chagrined at finding in this elegant creature our dreaded American cousin than if the expected ill-bred, gawky girl had presented herself. I read in the anxious, maternal glance that Nelly Willet beside Jenny Willet was a water-color sketch next a finished oil painting. I myself felt faded, but, thank heaven! in my young heart there existed very little envy. I was sincerely glad to find my cousin so beautiful, and I set about making her as comfortable as possible. You could use no ceremony with Jenny. Mother suggested that after her journey a rest in her room might be desirable; but Jenny threw her hat on the piano and declared she was not tired in the least—it was a silly little journey from London down to us.

"Then you didn't come direct from Liverpool here?" I said.

"Dear no! I went up to London the first train yesterday. On board ship we got to be such good friends that when a party of the passengers proposed to have one evening on shore together, I didn't hesitate an instant. What a lovely place this is, to be sure! Aunt Tillie. I'm in love with England. It's beautiful."

"Had you many friends on board the *Baltic*?" persisted mother, coming round to the old subject.

"Why, all friends. There's no place like a ship to get acquainted."

"You were acquainted with none of the passengers before you sailed?"

"Never heard of one of them; but two days ago we were the most intimate friends possible. I'm half engaged to marry one of them."

Mother's brows contracted.

"I won't tell you, Aunt Tillie, but Nelly shall hear all about my adorer."

"I prefer you keep your confidences, Miss Willet. My daughter has been very differently reared; I should feel sorry to see a child of mine make bosom friends among promiscuous steamship passengers, or speak of a ten days' acquaintance as her adorer."

Jenny was annoyed for an instant at this stiff speech, but in the gayest tone ran on about the pleasant voyage and Chris. Leamington, the adorer.

"I am speaking lightly enough of it, but I'm more than half a mind to accept him."

"Did he really offer himself?" asked I, curiously.

"Twice, dear—once on deck under the lovely June stars, and again the day of an awful storm. It was Sunday a week. There came a sudden strange stillness in the air, and some yellowish white haze lay close to the horizon and above a heavy lead-colored mass swept down and made a twilight in the afternoon. The sailors went with a rush to reefing all the sails and packing things close, and the captain made us all go below; for he said, 'We are going to have a stiff blow.'

"How that old ship rocked. The little white-caps that had been tranquilly coming and going all day rose and shook great masses of spray off their giant heads, and when it was flying in the wind, and we scudding through it under bare masts, Chris and I stole up the companion-way and wedged ourselves in between the hatches of the engine-room and the main gangway. We could not hear each other speak, so we struggled in again, and in the deserted ladies' room we looked out of the window at the terrible storm. Then Chris said: 'If we live out this awful tempest, we may be sure we've weathered the worst. So, Jenny,

make up your mind to take the rest of life's journey with me.'"

"I was so upset by the elements and happened to think of father—how much he was away and all that, that I must have said 'yes,' because Chris fished a ring out of his trunk next day and told me we were engaged, and I gave him pa's address in Montana and told him if he pleased he could write and ask leave and I didn't mind if I had him."

I saw mother's shocked expression and tried to turn the subject.

"You like our place, Cousin Jenny?"

"Why, it's admirable. I must be taken all over it."

"It's not very large. All our possessions lie between this and the hedge yonder. Mother talks of selling that."

"Selling—what for? That's a delicious strip of lawn and that old orchard is a picture. America is all very fine, Nelly, but this little cultivated place is like an emerald, so rich in color and so wonderfully polished. Father has a ranch in Montana—a thousand acres—great fields of waving grass, great herds of cattle, hundreds of head of sheep, wild, magnificent and beautiful; but this rich dark green spot, that turf-like velvet, those quaint trees cut in fancy shapes, and those solid walls of flowering thorn are strange and lovely things to me. To whom would you sell it?"

"Lord John Lenox, our next-door neighbor, has always coveted the orchard. He has no fruit on his grand old place like that our few but wonderful trees bear."

"But he shan't have it," said Jenny.

"He offers a deal of money, dear cousin," I answered, "and we need it."

"How much fruit do you have? More than you need for yourselves?"

"Oh, a great deal more. You never saw such apricots as ripen on that south wall, and there are some peach trees. You know peaches are a very expensive fruit."

"In England—yes. Well, why don't you keep your orchard and sell your fruit?"

"Where could we sell it?"

"Why, in London to be sure and I know just the man to buy it. On board ship there was a Mr. Bertram—such a nice man. We all called him 'Bertie,' he was so pleasant and boyish. When our party went up to London we all dined with him. He has restaurants in various places—at the Crystal Palace, at the Criterion Theatre—he and his partner, Bertram and Roberts. Why, they could not do enough for us. I never saw such strawberries as we had at his table, and as I pick up all the information I can, I learned that a certain rich man in a suburb of London cultivated strawberries specially for him, and sent them in town daily with those funny gooseberries and great pots of clotted cream. I'll write to Bertie to-morrow. I'll find a market for your peaches at a dollar apiece. That's four shillings your money."

"Oh, that's a great bit of money," cried I.

"Is it, and he getting six shillings for very common ones? Why, my child, I saw in Covent Garden at a fruiterer's peaches at half a guinea apiece."

Mother and I looked at each other. Here was a girl from far-off America, only forty-eight hours in the country, knowing all about that vast and dangerous London that was as a sealed book to us who had lived all our lives at its very gates.

"I'll take Ben and some of your garden truck and go to town to-morrow," said our strange cousin. "I'll make such arrangements with that dear Bertram that your splendid fruit shall not go to old Dives."

One could not listen to this ready-witted beauty without imbibing some of her enthusiasm, and after all the unpleasant forebodings of mamma I could see her spirits were lifted by the helpful resources of this American girl. It was a happy evening, after all, as we gathered at the dinner-table and heard our newfound relative discourse of strange American scenes.

After Jennie had gone to her room I stole in for a little talk, and heard all about Chris for the second time. It was easy to see that, though she laughed away all serious consideration of the matter, she was deeply interested in her shipmate lover.

"He's to be busy in London for some time; but he is coming down here to see us all very soon. You'll like him, Nell; he's an overpowering blonde, very clumsy, falls over his own feet, can't get out of his own way. All the same he's affectionate, straightforward and honest and open as a collie dog. I say, get Auntie to let you come along as well as Ben. We'll just bounce up to London; wire Chris, to meet us at Charing Cross, and have a splendid time."

To this proposition I paid no heed; I knew my mother would never accede to such a scheme.

"Why, Nell, I've been 5,000 miles by rail, all alone a dozen times. I've gone out to Montana, time out of mind, all by myself, from New York."

But the journey was not made. In the morning mamma prosed at Jenny till Jenny gave in, went and wrote a letter to Mr. Bertram and a perfect manuscript to Chris at Lang's Hotel. In due time answers to both arrived, and mother and Ben and Bennett were full of excitement, packing off fruit to London, for at prices such as we never dreamed, the restaurant man took all we had to sell.

"No wonder old Moneybags wanted that acre of orchard," said Jenny. "Why, you'll make as much this season from its yield as he meant to give for the whole business. Look at those peaches; they're just splendid," she continued as she carefully wrapped the soft cotton paper round them and packed them like eggs in masses of leaves.

"Let's see, you've had £20 from that one tree thus far, and mercy knows what the grapes are going to do for us."

It was a strange and wonderful change the coming of Jenny had worked in us all. The beautiful, dashing American girl, with her decision of action and great common sense, had roused the house. There was no uncertainty for the immediate future, for the fine crop off the little acre of orchard was going to carry us all through till another Summer.

I assure you that's the easiest sort of writing in the world. If my lenient Editor would withdraw the "ads" and the other features, I'd go right on and fill the paper. But he says time's up; so this will prove a serial and will be concluded next week by the

GIDDY GUSHER.

The McDowell-Reeves Season.

"The past season of the McDowell Comedy company," said Eugene McDowell to a MIRROR reporter, "has been fairly successful, and I shall continue the career of the organization, with Fanny Reeves and myself as the stars.

We began our season in Halifax on Sept. 30, playing the entire Fall through Canada as far up as Winnipeg. Our *pièce de résistance* was the military comedy, *Our Regiment*, by Henry Hamilton, while the other plays were *Peril* and *Anselme*. The company consisted of fourteen people and everything went along smoothly.

"About the beginning of the year we went South, and played right through the Southern country and ending the season on June 21 at Kansas City, making a season of nine months exactly. During the Summer I shall rest at Burlington, Sullivan County, this State, and in September I shall start out again. At present I am booking time, and the prospects are that the coming season will be a fairly good one. Our Regiment has proved such a success that we will play nothing else."

"Gagging" and "Guying."

Every business, trade and profession has its quota of anecdotes and humorous incidents. It is questionable, however, whether half of them are as genuine as those connected with stage life and theatrical performances. Through unforeseen circumstances the actor is frequently compelled to introduce some *deus ex machina* not set down in the author's text.

Charles Dickens used to relate with much humor a little scene he witnessed at a theatre in the English provinces. An actor had forgotten his part and could not get the prompter to give him the cue. After many adjurations, and the usual appeals to his own invention, he assumed a tragic port, addressed his companion with "I will return anon!" and stalked off the stage to seek the neglectful prompter. Last year the writer attended an amateur performance of Gilbert's *Wedding March* at the Turf Club Theatre. One of the amateurs, a little more experienced than the rest, "stuck" in his lines.

A young lady whispered in dulcet tones, "You're an idiot." He was somewhat hard of hearing, and did not grasp what she said. Then a young gentleman with a chest-protector murmured from the back setting, "You're an idiot." This also failed to reach his ear.

At last, in despair, Max Freeman, the professional coach of the society, shouted in the stentorian voice of a basso profundo, "You're an idiot!" Not in the least disconcerted, the nonchalant amateur simply turned toward the wing and deliberately propounded the conundrum, "Who's an idiot?" to the intense amazement of Max Freeman. A large part of the fashionable audience present imagined this to be one of the farcical incidents, and the actor was awarded a round of applause.

There could scarcely be a more awkward dilemma than that of the star who was specially engaged to play the part of Rolla by a thrifty Scotch manager who deemed it wasteful to engage supernumeraries. Picture his consternation when, instead of a whole army, a solitary representative of Attila's forces appeared upon the scene. Quickly recovering himself, however, he exclaimed: "What! all slain but thee? Come, then, my brave associate," etc. Only those in possession of an open sesame to admit them behind the scenes can fully realize how much fun is introduced into a performance to vary the dull routine of playing the same piece throughout an entire season. Formerly there was no end of gulling, especially among road companies, but the practice spread to such an extent that managers finally resorted to fines as a means of suppressing it. Louis James used to be very fond of a practical joke. He was once playing a serious part, in which he had to shake hands with some character on the stage. With great dignity he walked up to his fellow actor and left a piece of ice in his hand. The gravity of the situation compelled the latter to bear his frigid misfortunes until the end of the scene. All of the Thornes acquired a reputation for practical joking, but Edwin is the most reckless of them all. At one time his father undertook the management of Niblo's Garden, and became involved financially, owing to the low ebb of the box office receipts. During a performance of *The Lady of the Lake* the elder Thorne, as usual, spoke his line, "I am Roderick Dhu," whereupon Edwin as Fitzjames responded, "Yes, Mr. Thorne; and your rents due, too." On another occasion, when *The Spy* was produced, a certain character had to run on the stage shouting, "Five hundred dollars for the spy!" Edwin, who as the spy was hiding behind a rock, came forward and exclaimed, "It's yours—copyright, manuscript and parts." It will be remembered that when *The Two Orphans* was being played at the Union Square Theatre the late Charles Thorne, Jr., played the Chevalier and Owen Fawcett the valet, Picard. One night when the Chevalier made the usual threat of throwing his valet out of the window Fawcett introduced the gag, "What's the matter with the door?" The next night, however, Thorne stole a march on him by saying in one sentence, "I will throw you out of the window, and there is nothing the matter with the door."

In a performance of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Harold Forsberg, who is exceptionally tall, was playing George Harris. When he had given the lines in which he maintains that, at the worst, he can earn six feet of free soil, Matt Snyder arose and said in his polished manner: "Excuse me, Mr. Forsberg—seven."

"Thank you, Mr. Snyder—seven," retorted Forsberg, and gravely proceeded with his part. Sometimes the unintentional blunders made by actors in rendering lines in which they deemed themselves perfect are far more mirth-provoking to the rest of the cast than any prearranged joke. When John Howson was playing Captain de Merimac at the Bijou, he had to say as a cue to the chorus, "Now then, my friends, and don't forget the rocking of the cradle." Instead of which he said, "Now then, my friends, and don't forget the croaking of the rattle," which completely paralyzed their vocal efforts for the time being.

This transposition was too palpable to pass unnoticed, but frequently the audience remains unconscious of similar blunders. E. L. Dav-

enport, for instance, while impersonating Sir Giles Overreach, said to the lady who played the daughter, "To your daughter's chamber," and no one in the audience appeared to be aware of the transposition. The same actor, while giving an impressive reading to Hamlet's soliloquy mused on "what sleep may come when we have mortaled off this shuffled coil." It would seem as if absence of mind could not gain possession of an actor before a living "sea of upturned faces." Yet the late Harry Montague, while acting in *Diplomacy* in a California theatre, is said to have strolled on the stage, and instead of rendering the lines of his part, to have unbosomed himself in the most confidential manner about some private business matter.

Presence of mind is a far more valuable quality on the stage than aberration. It is told of George L. Fox that once when he made his entrance on the Bowery stage his hat struck a gas-fixture, resulting in his losing both his hat and his wig. Without turning back to pick them up he walked on the stage, took a hat from one actor's head, snatched the wig from another, and then proceeded to speak his lines as if it was all legitimate business of his part.

Billy Florence was once made the subject of a huge practical joke in which his whole company took part. In the picnic scene in *The Mighty Dollar* he is requested to sing, but before beginning asks "Has anybody got a troche?" Upon receiving a negative reply, he attempts to sing without it. One night in a San Francisco theatre, when he put the question, every member of the company walked solemnly toward the footlight, and offered him a box of troches. This was bad enough, but his troubles had only commenced. Those who have seen *The Mighty Dollar* will recall the fact that when Florence is asked if he sings, he replies, "Those who have heard me say I don't." He, however, yields to solicitation and begins to warble, but in such an excruciating fashion that after a few notes the players cough him down. On this particular evening, when he gave the usual cue for the cough, not a sound was heard. Florence struggled along a few bars, but had never really learned the song, and grew very uneasy. In vain did he look around, shake his foot, make signs behind his back—no one noticed him. He was compelled to sing the whole verse of the song, and then his company applauded him so enthusiastically that the audience almost insisted on an encore.

When George the Count Jeanes, shortly before his death, appeared in New York and other cities in a round of Shakespearean characters, there was unlimited gulling on the part of the audience. One night the gallery was crowded with college boys. Every time the Count took a step or two they would shout in unison, "Right—left—right—left—halt." An actor supporting him was the unfortunate owner of an abnormally large nasal organ. Every time he appeared on the stage the collegians would put up his nose at suction, and proceed to bid on it in the most business-like method. When Iago was arousing the green-eyed monster in Othello his ringleader started up the college song, "Oh, who will kiss her ruby lips—ruby lips, when I am far away—some other man," etc. This was sung to a finish, and followed by their whole repertoire. When they beheld the "most potent, grave and reverend signors" assembled in the council chamber they started to count in the manner of children in the primary class. "Twice one is two—twice two is four—twice four is eight," etc., until the arithmetical problem became too difficult for instantaneous solution. When the Moor was alluding to his martial deeds, some wag put the question, "Who was George Washington?" The whole band of conspirators gave the usual response, "First in peace, first in war, first in the hearts of his countrymen," followed by the customary pedal accompaniment—dum—diddle—dum—dum, dumdidum. This "Thundering Mars" pastime seemed to make a great hit with the gallery gods, and was repeatedly encored throughout the performance.

As the whole engagement was a put-up job on the part of the management to make money, the Count was supposed to be intensely in earnest and act as if he considered himself an outraged tragedian. Toward the end of the play—just at the thrilling moment when the unhappy Desdemona was being smothered by her jealous lord—one of the soulless college youths imitated to perfection an audible kiss, which sent the audience into roars of laughter. This was more than the Count could bear. He bounded to the footlights, shook his fist at the gallery, and designated the osculatory culprit as a contemptible loafer whom he dared to come down on the stage and engage in combat. The more he foamed, the more, of course, every one laughed. The aggravated Moor then returned to the bedside and dispatched the half-smothered Desdemona with the murderous pillow.

Interference with theatrical performances by members of the audience is generally followed now-a-days by speedy ejection, except where it is an understood matter—such as the prearranged gags of the Produce Exchange brokers when they attended an Evangelical performance in a body some time ago. On the other hand actors will frequently introduce gags on current events. De Wolf Hopper, for instance, who is a baseball enthusiast, never misses an opportunity to ring in some joke on the New York or Chicago lines. Another source of merriment is the strong hold which the illusion of the scene takes upon unsophisticated spectators. We have all heard of the sailor who, seeing the virtuous heroine of the piece beset by desperadoes, jumped over the footlights to her defense. Even to-day the melodramatic villain is occasionally interrupted in his simulated cruelty toward the gentle sex by the adjuration, "Let that gal alone, won't yer!" In a recent performance of *The Lights of London* a pretty occupant of a private box became so wrapt up in the plot that, mistaking the friendly shaking of the policeman who was giving the faint and helpless heroine, she screamed out, "Leave her alone, you coward, you!" much to the consternation of the audience and the law's representative.

Despite the danger of being unceremoniously hustled from the theatre the gallery boys cannot always refrain from making useful suggestions. One of the practical species was perched up aloft when the manager announced with pride that the theatre was being illuminated with gas manufactured from old. The lights played a number of fantastic tricks and seemed about to take their leave of the audience, when the Western youth urged loudly that they should "drive in another hog."

There was a tedious play not long ago produced in London, in which one of the characters, a theatrical speculator, had to say to another, "If any of the public are not satisfied their money will be returned." Upon this the gallery rose up as one man, and with stretched hands shouted, "Me, me, me!"

The most impressive funeral service I ever attended
was that for the remains of the late Joseph K. Collins.

JULY 5

by | for Held by the Enemy at the Star Theatre.

history of the place as Norman has a

John C. Minton, who succeeds R. M. Webb in the management of the Grand Opera House, Burlington, Ia., will shortly arrive in New York to look attractions. He will remain about a week.

The Usher.



In Ushering
Mind him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

Edward Aronson is enjoying his brief holiday in the Catskills. He writes that the trip to the Kaaterskill was very pleasant, including as it did several landlides, one or two wash-outs, no end of rain and several hours' delay. He made six changes, took three railroads, two stages and one carriage before reaching his destination. "The proprietor," says truthful Edward, "had a very large head in selecting the site for the hotel. If he catches any guests he is bound to hold on to them. They can never leave the place unless they get a guide. It's delightfully cool. When twilight deepens the ladies sit about a huge log fire, the men drink hot toddy, and the proprietor puts on a seal-skin coat. I am obliged to write with pencil. The ink is frozen." What a maddening picture for the town-tied Gothamite!

Mr. Spies, the dramatic agent, says that the recent paragraph in this column concerning his agency and its methods gave him a great deal of pleasure. "I have always been honest," continues Mr. Spies, "and in the pursuit of that policy have endeavored to break up some of the practices of dramatic agents. Though not able to do that entirely, I have avoided some of them personally, and have shown a great many people in the profession the folly of paying for engagements obtained by themselves. I never charge for an engagement unless I actually procure it—as many actors for whom I have gratuitously drawn contracts can testify. I shall always endeavor to deserve the good opinion of managers and actors." It is well for the agency business that it has a notable exception in Mr. Spies.

Manager Palmer left for Chicago on yesterday's "Limited." After supervising one or two productions by his company at McKivick's he will return about the first of August.

Cazauran is still quite ill, having imminently incurred the risk of a watery grave. "Caz" is nothing if not sardonic, and his dropsical disorder furnishes him with the subject for many an aqueous jest.

The wedding of Charles H. Hoyt to Flora Walsh took place at Charleston, New Hampshire, on Tuesday night. Dr. Robertson, in fulfillment of a promise made long ago, acted as best man for the celebrated farceur.

A new theory concerning the celebrated New Jersey mosquito comes to me from a charming young actress who is summing at Greenwood Lake. "I think they wear petticoats," she writes. "They look like ballet-girls flying through the air."

Helen Bancroft is going to San Francisco early next month to appear in Bucicault's company. The next will be her third season with D. B., whose organization is always a good school. The actress wishes the newspapers would get a new adjective to apply to her. The critics invariably refer to her as the "statuesque" Miss Bancroft, and she has come to have a holy horror for the expression. "Either 'willowy' or 'lissome' is preferable," she remarks. "Statuesque" is ossified.

Roland Reed is devising a lot of characteristic novelties to be introduced in Marsden's new medical comedy, Quack. He says he will make up the star part as a hypodermic syringe, and the principal scene will be an exact reproduction of a well-known theatrical physician's office. Every auditor who misses a joke will receive an electric shock, Leyden jars being placed under each seat for that purpose. Mrs. Winslow's celebrated syrup will be gratuitously administered to the children at the Wednesday and Saturday matinees, while cocaine and Congress water are to be given out with a prodigal hand on souvenir nights.

Colonel Sinn and his handsome wife, Cora Tanner, are spending the Summer at Jones Island, Maine—a narrow strip of dry land sixteen miles from the coast, where there are no such distractions as railways, telegraph offices or mosquitoes. "It is a very cool place," the Colonel writes me, "as you may judge by the fact that the thermometer has never been known to get above seventy-five degrees in the hottest weather. I sleep under blankets every night. There is splendid fishing and sailing. I could tell you some great fish-stories, but I hesitate. This island is a favorite resort for professionals. We have Mrs. Rachel Noah, Rosa Franco, May Merck, George Murray, Annie Sutton, William

A. Sands, Laura Le Claire, Lotta Sutton and a number of others stopping here now. By the 20th of the month I think the hotel will be pretty nearly filled with our people. Mrs. Sinn and myself are going later to Moosehead Lake for a couple of weeks, returning home to Brooklyn August 10."

Annie Robe leaves to-day for Newcastle, near-by Portsmouth, on the New Hampshire coast. The charming actress will find much to enjoy in the historic associations of the spot where Martha Hilton was made Lady Westworth, as Longfellow tells us. And as she is fond of yachting and fishing, and there are abundant opportunities where she is going for both, her four weeks' outing will doubtless be decidedly jolly.

Miss Robe, by the bye, hasn't made arrangements for next season yet. The collapse of the Wallackian regime occurred so late that she was taken unawares. During the Spring she had declined a flattering offer to play leading business at one of the other stock theatres through loyalty to her management. Many managers seem to suppose she had been spirited off to England or somewhere. I am glad to say Miss Robe fully intends remaining in the country, where she has done so much good work and afforded pleasure to the best class of playgoers, and I have no doubt that the information that she is at liberty will bring offers galore from the many managers who are hunting for that abominably scarce article—a young, comely, accomplished and generally clever leading lady.

Reorganized Troubadours.

"The Salisbury Troubadours next season," said Frank Maeder to a MIRROR reporter, "will be the strongest organization of its kind on the road. The Humming-Bird has been rewritten by the author, and is now original and new from beginning to end. More singing and a number of original Troubadour specialties will be introduced. We open season on the Eastern circuit about Sept. 15. The new company will comprise John Webster, Nellie McHenry, Frank Blair, Louis Glover, Louise Searle, Felix Haney, a splendid Irish comedian and specialist; J. P. Howard and one or two ladies yet to be engaged. Theodore Bendix will be the musical conductor. Fred C. Rust will be ahead. Our agent in England is busy picking up the latest specialties in new songs, and altogether I really believe we shall have the strongest musical company that goes out."

Aladdin's Lamp Brightly Burning.

Alfred Thompson returned to this city from Chicago the latter part of last week, after an absence of about two months.

"The engagement of the Imperial Burlesque company, of which Joseph Brooks and myself are the managers, in the burlesque of The Arabian Nights at the Chicago Opera House, has proved a greater success than we could have reasonably expected," he said to a MIRROR reporter. "The piece was brought out in the face of such opposition as the production of Jim the Penman and the engagement of Daly's company, but in spite of the strength of these attractions the Chicago public flocked in crowds to see The Arabian Nights, to the disadvantage of every attraction in the city. The craze there just now is Aladdin, by which title the burlesque is best known. There are Aladdin cigars, Aladdin hats, Aladdin ties, etc., and all the music is whistled through the streets. For a hot-weather production, the success of Aladdin is wonderful. The heat in Chicago is frightful, yet fully 120,000 people have seen the burlesque in the past four weeks."

"We are now making arrangements for the production of the burlesque in New York for a long run, and are negotiating with managers of two large combination houses. Offers of time are pouring in from all over the country. We play in Chicago until Sept. 3, and then open the regular season at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Sept. 26, playing there three weeks, and then going to Boston, possibly."

A Glimpse at The Doctor.

"The revived comedy of Dr. Clyde, now known as The Doctor, in which I star next season," said John F. Ward to a MIRROR reporter, "will be very little changed from the original as produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre some six or seven years ago, with Frank Hardenbergh in the role of Higgins, the servant. The first two acts have been melted into one, and several songs will be introduced. It is some five years since the comedy was last presented, and it is about six years since John E. Owens appeared in it in San Francisco. It became his property. I appeared in it for some two seasons, under the management of W. H. Power, and for a time was starred. Its greatest success was in Philadelphia, where it ran two months. The next best record was at the Boston Museum, where the comedy ran six weeks, with the veteran William Warren as Higgins."

"The comic side of Higgins is the seriousness with which he speaks and acts. He is a retainer grown up in the service of Dr. Clyde, and imitates his master in everything. He is ambitious to be a doctor, and absorbs all the medical terms that fall from his master's lips. But when he comes to apply his *materia medica*—seizing his opportunities in the Doctor's absence—the results threaten to be serious. The ignoramus become mixed up in his quotations, and his prescriptions are alarming doses for the patients. The fun of the comedy revolves upon the blundering of the would-be doctor. When I appeared in New Orleans as Higgins, Major Burbank, of the *Picayune*, used to make champagne bets that I would either laugh or smile at some point in the play in spite of myself; but he invariably lost. Dr. Clyde is said

to have been the last stage performance that General Grant ever attended. As to my stage experience, it has been rather varied. My principal engagements have been with W. H. Power and the Kiralfys and seven consecutive Summers as comedian of the dramatic company at the Soldiers' Home, Dayton, O."

The Booth-Barrett Tour.

Arthur Chase, manager of the Booth-Barrett combination, has been in the city the past few weeks making arrangements for the coming tour. To a MIRROR reporter who called on him at the St. George Hotel yesterday, Mr. Chase said:

"We shall open our season on Sept. 12 at Buffalo, and divide the week between that city and Detroit, going to Whitney's new theatre. Then we go to Minneapolis to open the new Hennepin Avenue Theatre the week of Sept. 19. From there we go to the New Opera House at St. Paul. The last two theatres when completed will be as fine as any in America. In magnificence they will equal the Tabor Grand Opera House in Denver. From St. Paul we go to Milwaukee, and then play a three weeks' engagement at the Chicago Opera House, following that by opening the new Warder Grand Opera House at Kansas City, Mo., the management paying a certainty of \$18,000 for the week. A proposition was made that we open the Academy of Music, this city, but the date was too early."

"We shall appear here, however, for two holiday weeks, though just at what theatre has not been settled. The latter part of this month the two stars leave on an extended yachting trip, quite a large party of invited guests going along. For the accommodation of the tragedians on the road, the Worcester Excursion Car Company is building a special parlor, dining and sleeping car that will excel anything of the kind ever made. It has been named the 'Junius Brutus Booth.'"

"The full list of the company is as follows: E. J. Buckley, John A. Lane, C. B. Hanford, Ben G. Rogers, Owen Fawcett, Lawrence Hanley, Charles M. Collins, L. J. Henderson, Walter Thomas, Kendall Weston, J. W. Albaugh, Jr., S. Vroom, J. Finney, Beaumont Smith, Milton Royle, Oliver Doud, stage manager; Minna K. Gale, Gertrude Kellogg, Elizabeth Robbins, Miriam O'Leary and Emma Marble."

"In Julius Caesar Mr. Barrett will appear as Cassius and Mr. Booth as Brutus. In Hamlet Mr. Booth will play the title role and Mr. Barrett the Ghost. In Macbeth Mr. Booth plays Macbeth and Mr. Barrett Macduff. In Othello the role of Othello and Iago will be alternated. King Lear will also be given. Besides these pieces there will be a number of double bills. Mr. Booth playing The Fool's Revenge and Mr. Barrett David Garrick. Mr. Booth appearing in Katherine and Petruchio and Mr. Barrett in The King's Pleasure. Mr. Booth in Don Cesar de Bazan and Mr. Barrett in York's Love. Thirty-five weeks have been booked."

Mr. Sothern's Sop to Mr. Hayden.

On Tuesday Edward H. Sothern paid into the hand of William R. Hayden, manager of Helen Dauvray, a cheque for \$1,000, and was released from his engagement with the fair lady, which had a year to run. To a MIRROR man Mr. Sothern said that he wanted it to be distinctly understood that Miss Dauvray had nothing to do with the transaction.

"The money proposition came from Mr. Hayden," said the young actor. "He had heard that such a proposition would be entertained. After I had signed my contract with Mr. Frohman it was suggested to me that I had better get him to make an offer for my release, otherwise I might be put into inferior roles the following season, or possibly might not be permitted to play at all, even though I remained on the salary list. The suggestion was acted upon, and at an interview between Mr. Frohman and Mr. Hayden the former refused to pay any money. Mr. Hayden's figure was then \$3,000. Mr. Frohman justly held that my contract with him did not begin until that with Miss Dauvray had expired. He was not particularly anxious to have me the coming season. Another actor had been engaged to take my place as leading man with Miss Dauvray, and I was still threatened with secondary parts or to be paid a salary for doing nothing. So, seeing endless trouble staring me in the face, and being friendly toward Miss Dauvray, I paid the cheque out of my own pocket. This is the story in a nutshell. Here let me say that in my contract with Miss Dauvray it was not stated that I was to be leading man. But I have been recognized as her leading man for two seasons. My first engagement, made by the late Mr. Rickaby, was for leading business. I was not particularly anxious to go out with The Highest Bidder the coming season, and I am in no hurry to star."

Mr. Sothern will go on tour in The Highest Bidder, opening late in October or early in November. The season will not be of long duration, as Mr. Sothern is to appear in a new play at the Lyceum early in Spring.

Lillian Lewis' Prospect.

W. L. Allen, of Chicago, has taken the management of Lillian Lewis. Mr. Allen is a man of extensive acquaintance in newspaper, dramatic, political, social and general business circles—who has been successively actor, editor, publisher, theatrical manager, politician, etc., being more or less successful in everything he has undertaken. He is now in the city looking after the interests of his star.

"I am by no means new in theatrical management," said Mr. Allen, "and my extended acquaintance in influential circles gives me some advantages in doing the preliminary work of the tour. I do not claim Miss Lewis to be the greatest actress on the American stage; I simply claim that she has reached an enviable position during the four years that she has been on the boards, and that the future has greater triumphs in store for her. I never knew an actress of greater ambition or one who worked harder. I have some repu-

tation for industry myself, and I have no fear of the result of our combined efforts. It is my intention to play the big theatres in the large cities, and get up a boom for each engagement. It is probable that Miss Lewis will be seen at the Academy of Music, this city, during the coming season, and then you will have an opportunity to see how greatly she has improved. Miss Lewis' season will open at the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, on Sept. 12. Out of a contemplated season of forty weeks, thirty-three have been booked."

"As you are aware, Miss Lewis closed her season at the Columbia Theatre, Chicago, on July 2. It was a notable week, being a benefit for a benevolent association. The Associated Press made the following report of it in its general despatches:

CHICAGO, July 2.—The benefit for the Policemen's Benefit Association, which was given by Miss Lillian Lewis at the Columbia Theatre for the past week of eight performances, closing with the largest receipts, netted the Association, clear of all expenses, \$23,350. Miss Lewis and her company appeared in The New Magdalen, Article 27 and An Unequal Match. She was presented by the Policemen's Association with resolutions of thanks, beautifully engrossed."

"Distinguished" People.

In the interest of the Journalismocracy we call a halt, somewhat wearied as we are by the constant epithet of "distinguished" to all sorts of people.

There was a time when it was reserved for a select few the ground of whose distinction was well known and accepted as sufficing; the finger could be easily laid upon their title.

Nowadays it needs only that the blatant press shall sound the rub-a-dub that the obscure nobody and do-nothing is placed upon the roll-call of "People Talked About" and designated as of the elect.

The misnomer is even intensified by emphasizing living personages with an epithet of historic value and formerly bestowed only on eminence of the first class. So apotheosized was the late Bayard Taylor, the author of various meritorious works, by hailing him as "illustrious" from a platform in Central Park.

The facility and freedom with which phrases of honor and renown are lavished upon the mob of newspaper celebrities seems to require that some sort of riot act should be read to disperse them.

Nothing occurs to us more drastic and efficient than the demand for a bill of particulars, citing the special scenes and performances of these clamorous fame-hunters. We would like to see page and passage where the exceptional genius has been shown and where their art has been in the ascendant.

Many aspirants, failing to find sufficient pabulum to keep fat their hungry condition in the ordinary ding-dong of everyday pursuits, take to the theatre, hoping to be swept along in the current with "Shakespeare and the musical glasses!" Sharp inquiry into the claims of many stage managers who are epitheted on from one season to another, would prick not a few historic bubbles.

The experiment of eclectic demonstration was to a certain degree made in the recently published Book of Encomiums on the late Henry Ward Beecher, to which many distinguished persons contributed.

Although these extracts are from the pens of authors and writers well known and much exploited, we find, on an enlarged view, only one which can claim classic treatment and entitled to appear as an elegant extract and specimen of fine writing.

We refer of course to the resonant and rhythmic encomium by Robert Ingersoll. This is a voice from the summit, a carol intoned in the free space—the others are rather the habitual hum and echo of a lower sphere where conventionality is dominant.

Although so called heterodox in many of his utterances, Ingersoll is truly a spiritual man, cognizant of the aroma of all good things, a faithful chronicler of the essential beauties, movements and aptitudes of this universe. Under this inspiration he said his say and sung his song.

Professional Doings.

M. J. Gallagher is engaged for an Irish role in The Still Alarm.

Francis E. Reiter, musical director, is open for an engagement.

Hamilton Harris is re-engaged as leading man for Passion's Slave.

Dixey had a great reception on his reopening in Adonis in Chicago.

Bookings for the Michigan circuit began slowly, but are now progressing rapidly.

Harris' Museum in Cincinnati closed its season July 10. It will reopen about Sept. 1.

Oscar W. Eagle, Helene Adelle's leading man, was in town for a brief hour on Monday.

C. W. Vance, of Cincinnati, has been engaged as stage manager for Thomas W. Kane.

Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin are spending the Summer at Black Island, near Detroit.

An Irish play named Checkmate will be produced in Chicago on Sept. 19 by Sheldon Bateman.

Manager Hubert Heuck, of Cincinnati, and his family are summering at Grand Haven, Mich.

Francis D. Hall, sub-treasure of the MacCollin Opera troupe, is ill with typhoid fever in Cincinnati.

May Merrick, pupil of Rachel Noah, has been engaged for next season at the Boston Theatre.

Walter Hine has been re-engaged as business manager for Roland Reed and Edwin Jack as treasurer.

Janiah was seized with a freak and suddenly closed her tour, much against the wishes of her management.

Fair week date, Oct. 25-8, is open in Harbor, N. C. D. Lichtenstein is the manager of the only theatre there.

Patti Rosa has gone to the mountains and her manager, John W. Dunne, is at Hot Springs for a brief sojourn.

Grace Sherwood appears with the Dalys in Vacation next season. Her sister Florence, soprano, is disengaged.

Howard Kyle, who recently closed a forty-five weeks' season with Frederick Warde, is visiting in Chicago.

Recent engagements for Andrews' Michael Strogoft company are Ethel Douglas, C. W. Charles and Daniel Lacy.

T. J. Farron opens his season with A Soap Bubble on August 20. His new Irish comedy could not be gotten ready in time.

Charles Warren has been engaged as second comedian for Lizzie Evans, having been released from another engagement to accept.

Smiley Walker has been engaged to do the advance work for Annie Pixley, which leaves Archie McKenzie out of a position for the present.

Charles Goss, manager of the new Goss Opera House, Waterson, Dak., would like to hear from managers booking in the Northwest.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McKee have arrived in North Scituate, Mass., for the Summer. Amy Ames and her husband will soon be another arrival.

Cyril Scott, late of the Richard Mansfield and Minnie Maddern companies, is spending the Summer at Nyack. He is engaged for Lotta's support.

—Max Loewenthal, Patti Rosa's business manager, who has been ill and confined to his room for three weeks, is about again and attending to business.

—Gussie Hill, a ten-year-old Boston actress, is not going to star in Little Barefoot and Fanchon as planned, owing to the recent death of her manager, E. W. Gibson.

—Ethel Tucker and her sister Madge are summering in Amsterdam, N. Y. Miss Ethel is slowly recovering from a severe attack of pleurisy and nervous prostration.

—Al S. Phillips is about to take a company on a tour of the Jersey coast watering-places, going as far as Cape May. He will present his own farce-comedy, Job Lots.

—Sol Smith Russell opens in Halifax, N. S., on July 25. He may not play more than twenty or twenty-five weeks the coming season. This tour is another "farewell."

—The first new Opera House at Lexington, Ky., will open in the Fall. Attractions are wanted for Race week, Oct. 10 and 17. Scott and Mann are the managers.

—Nines composed of members of New Orleans Lodge, B. P. O. E., played a game of baseball on July 1. They were attired as Tragedians and Comedians, respectively.

—Martin Hayden opens in The Boy Hero at St. Louis on August 27, supported by Augustus Sherman and managed by Harry F. Seymour, with Frank S. Cameron in advance.

—J. H. Haselton and wife (Ada Melville) are passing the summer at the Oakland Hotel, Oakland, Md. Miss Melville will star under her husband's management in a sourette play next season.

—E. P. Simpson, assistant manager of the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, has taken desk room at Taylor's for the Summer, and will alternate between the theatre and the Exchange.

—Ralph Downes, the original Vladimir in the "Frisco production of Zita, has been engaged for juveniles with the McDowell Comedy company, make which is about to tour the West Indies.

—Minnie Maddern closed her Summer engagement at the Bijou Opera House on Saturday night. The theatre will remain closed during the rest of the Summer and undergo repairs, including re-seating.

—John T. McKever will resume his position as treasurer of the Madison Square Theatre at the end of his honeymoon. The report that he had resigned on his marriage with Frances Blake was premature.

—Mabel Stanton has remained in Syracuse since the closure with Lost in London. Her husband, A. E. Gaylord, is re-engaged by Jacobs and Proctor to lead the orchestra at the Grand Opera House in that city.

—Next Monday J. P. McSweeney will open a short season of opera at Newark, N. J. The principal part will be Jules Claretie, tenor; May Dwyer, soprano; George Poulet, comedian, and J. P. McSweeney, baritone.

—Odell Williams opens his season in T. W. King's new comedy, The Judge, at Nyack, N. Y., on Sept. 1. The comedy had a successful trial production in Saratoga, Glens Falls and other New York cities during the Spring.

—Henry Arthur Jones' new comedy, Welcome, Little Stranger, will probably be given its first production in this country in Chicago during the Summer season of the Madison Square company at McVicker's Theatre.

—Somas and Landis, proprietors of the Chicago Scale Studio, find their services in such demand that they are compelled to add to their already large force of scene-painters, and are now on the lookout for a few good artists.

—McNish, Johnson and Slavia's Refined Minstrels will begin rehearsals at the Metropolitan Opera House on July 30. This troupe will start out better equipped than ever. It has made an enviable reputation during its two years' existence.

—Henry Scharf, the veteran actor, of Lizzie Evans' company, who disappeared from his home in Irving place about a month ago, is still missing. Not a trace of him has been discovered in response to newspaper personals and other inquiries.

—Messrs. Litt and Davis say that the only difficulty they find in booking Richard O'Gorman in Human Nature is in selecting a route from the large number of dates pouring in since their recent announcement in the advertising columns of THE MIRROR.

—Abbie Pierce and Harry Colton have been engaged for the Great Wrong company headed by J. B. Bradley, and Joseph Unger for Passion's Slave. Miss Pierce was leading lady in Passion's Slave last season. The new scenery for these companies is completed.

—Eugene Cramer, the Columbia (S. C.) Manager, scenic-painter, etc., has been touring in town for a few days. Mr. Cramer is a veteran scenic painter and was kept busy in greeting old friends. J. O. Jodrey, late MIRROR correspondent in Columbia, has removed to New York and gone into business.

—C. A. Gardner opened in The New Karl, by Cos. T. Murphy, in Chicago on July 1 for two weeks. The company comprises Cos. T. Murphy, Robert McKee, Robert V. Ferguson, Katie Howard (Mrs. William Kammatt), Ida Burrows, Marion May, Royce Alton and Little Dot Winters. Phil H. Irving is manager.

—Floy Crowell's time is all filled for the season. Her repertoire will be in part consist of four new plays written especially for her. The latest of these is The Blind Goddess, by F. N. Wilcox. It is described as a drama full of strong situations, an admirable blending of pathos and sentiment, and well spiced with comedy.

—Humanity was produced at the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco, on Monday night. Its success or non-success is as yet unknown. On the same evening Edw. Harrigan's company opened in The Leather Patch to a very large and thoroughly pleased audience. Maude Granger is appearing in Siberia this week at the Alcazar.

—The following is the company engaged for Benj. Maginley's support in Ishavogue: Lillian Billings, Belle O'Leary, Mrs. T. F. Herodas, Bryan O'Leary, E. E. Grandin, William Ridgeway, Adolph Lessinger, H. Ledbury and M. Regan. P. T. Touhy, the Irish piper, and a vocal quartette are also engaged. The company opens in Hoboken on August 20.

—The Park Opera House, Jacksonville, Fla., recently destroyed by fire, is being rapidly rebuilt. During the past three or four seasons Jacksonville has become quite an objective point for many of the best attractions. Tourists and health-seekers largely increase the patronage during the winter. James D. Burbridge will manage the new house, while H. S. Taylor will attend to its interests in this city.

—One of the places most thickly populated with summing professionals is Pleasanton, Cal., near the Shrewsbury River, N. J. Among those idling there are Mrs. George Drew Barrymore, Mrs. John Drew, Sydney Drew, Sybil Jones one, Ed. Thorne, Charles Fawcett, J. Charles Davis, George W. Jones, George Harrison, John Sterling, Sydney Cowell, Raymond Holmes, Charles A. Haslam, A. H. Canby and Julius Cahn.

—Brady and Garwood, the Toledo (O.) managers, have leased the Redmond Grand Opera House at Grand Rapids, Mich., which has been so long in the market. Thomas H. Redmond, the owner, cancels all existing contracts, and refers the parties of the second part to the new managers, whose address is Toledo. The Redmond Grand seats 1,400, and there is room for 500 standees. Ten performances a week will be given, and the managers are now ready to book.

—The Lizzie Evans company is all filled with the exception of leader, and comprises W. C. Donaldson, Charles Warren, Paul Scott, Frances Wiggins, Corey, W. D. Ingram, Harry Stevens, Celia Clay, Alice Weston and Madge Ansley. Miss Evans will rely on E. J. Swartz' comedy, Our Angel, but has another new play, The Robin's Nest, by Cos. T. Murphy. Her season is in Cincinnati on August 20, and is booked in leading theatres of the country.

—W. O. Wheeler writes that Dan'l Sully is doing a remarkably good business in the West. The company is now playing British Columbia and Puget Sound. Daddy Nolan is well received everywhere, especially in San Francisco, where the entire press gave more or less favorable notices. Dion Boucicault attended a performance, and the veteran praised the play liberally. The company starts "astward" about July 25, and will open in Winnipeg on August 20. The week of the G. A. R. Encampment will be spent in St. Louis. Much of next season is already booked. Mr. Sully's new play, A Family Affair, is completed, and he is working on another.

—Two fine new theatres are to be opened in St. Paul and Minneapolis next season. That in St. Paul will be known as the Murray Opera House, and that in Minneapolis as the Hennepin Avenue Theatre. The houses are controlled by the firm of Sackett, Wiggins and Wood. The two first-named are well known for their various theatrical enterprises, while the last-named is J. M. Wood, the well known theatrical architect of Chicago. Mr. Wood has the work of building in charge, and is of course branding his best energies to make the two theatres the finest in the Northwest. The St. Paul house will seat 2,500 and the Minneapolis 3,000. The two theatres will cater to a population of 250,000, and only a high class of attractions will be booked. The Hennepin Avenue Theatre will open with the Booth-Barrett combination in September with a week's engagement. The resident managers will be J. M. Wood, Murray, and F. P. Wadon, at the Hennepin. J. K. Sackett, with headquarters in Chicago, will be the general manager. The scale of prices will be uniform at both houses, and run from \$1.25 to \$10.00.

—Wiggins and Wood own a controlling interest in the stock of both theatres, and the cost of their construction, outside of the ground, is estimated at \$300,000.

Cora.

Last night I made up my mind to break off with Cora. "She keeps me on the rack all the time; she doesn't care a straw for me and—I don't believe I really care a straw for her." I mused. The more I thought about it the more certain I was of these points, and the more advisable and indispensable it seemed to break off with her, and—I would. About three o'clock I went over. It seemed to me unfortunate that she should wear a rose-colored wrapper that made her look like a child especially made to be loved and caressed.

"Do I please you to-day, Bob?" she said, softly, pulling me down by my coat collar and airily kissing the curl I cultivate in the middle of my forehead.

"You look lovely, darling," I returned, breathing in the mingled scent of violets and heliotrope that was always about her. She gave a little sigh of content; then, looking at me wistfully, asked:

"I wonder how long you will stay so?"

"Stay so, pet?"

"Yes—stay loving me?"

Cora had a way of her own in expressing herself. I bethought myself of my determination.

"I shall love you as long as you give me the smallest hope that you love me any in return."

Her whole manner changed. "The small—hope—um! Well, Bob, I could make your hope an awful heap smaller than it is if you really want me to."

"Don't make fun, Cora," I said with dignity.

"I am not! Besides"—drawing herself up and bringing her brows to a straight line—"you should love me, anyhow."

"When you are unkind to me—when you don't do anything for me—and when you make me miserable by treating a dozen other men about as well as you do me, how can I, Cora?"

"How often have I told you," she remarked slowly; "how often have I told you that you should love me, not because I deserve it, but because you can't help it? That is the only proper way to love a person. Just please keep still; I know I'm not very good," and to my horror I saw the ready tears weight her lashes. "I have often told you so, and you would not ever believe it. Yet now"—speaking with heartrending emphasis—"now that you are finding it out for yourself, you blame me. I leave it to you, Bob, if that isn't unjust and unkind."

I began to feel confused. She went right on, her hands tight clasped, her voice full of pathetic ups and downs, her heavy-lashed eyes bent on me, now bright, now full of tears, and again so awfully severe that my flesh just wrinkled all up my back.

"And as for my being unkind—I really wonder what you expect. You come here more often than does anyone else, don't you? I never send you word that I'm arrested, or out, or dead, when I'm really with some one else, as happens often enough to other people when I am with you—do I?" This was one of the times my back wrinkled. "And to-day, when you came, I kissed you. I won't ever again, because you don't like me to—don't dare say a word till I get through—I do nothing for you, do I? Who brings me home from the theatre; who goes errands for me; who shops for me; who rubs my head when it aches—yes, and who buttons my shoes for me sometimes? You do! Yet you say I do nothing for you. May be you think I choose you because you are less awkward than the rest. Well, I don't! You are awful awkward lots of times—yet here I've snubbed everyone else for you, and you turn around and say I do nothing for you! It's a perfect wonder to me, Bob, because, that you don't shrivel all up right there where you are sitting, to talk to me like that. Other men! Maybe you mean the Englishman I go riding with. You haven't a horse or carriage, have you? Am I to be blamed because I can't go riding with you? Hiring things won't do, because, you know, it's against my principles to let men be bankrupting themselves over me. Or may be it's that fat broker, Mead? Could I help that? I let him come here a few times, and all of a sudden he jumps up and goes to walking all around the carpet on his knees and saying he can't live a minute without me, and that wouldn't I marry him or shoot him! Awful enough to go through anything like that without being scolded about it. Shoot him! Where were you then? Nowhere, when you might be of some use. What do I know about shooting people, please! Bob, you must not defend yourself or you will make me cry. Just don't open your mouth. Besides, didn't I throw his lovely diamond bracelet in the fire for you yesterday? Quick! Tell me!"

"Yes, and haven't you got it on again to-day?" I roared. There was a pause, during which I mumbled several things. Then she began again in a weak voice:

"Really, Bob, I can hardly draw the breath of life from astonishment. Wasn't it enough for me to throw it in for you? Did you want me to leave it there? Bob?"—beginning to cry and putting her hands out—"just once made it all nice and antique looking, but any more would spoil it—don't make me!"

"Keep it! Do anything you like! I don't care."

"I know"—sorrowfully—"that's just it. All the sacrifices I make for for you, you don't care. I guess"—looking pathetically around the room—"I guess you'd better go."

"Go!" I felt my hair rise.

"Yes—you see you don't love me any more, and I can't please you. I expected to have such a happy time to-day, and you have sat up and hollered at me every minute you have been here. Don't deny it, Bob, because, you know, there's the clock. Besides, I can't stand being abused by people—"

"Cora, darling, I haven't meant to abuse you—only I get so wretched when I think you don't care for me."

"And me proving it every day I live!" she interrupted in that tangled way of hers. "I suppose if I wasn't so good to you, you would be less cruel to me! Oh, dear," with a burst, "my heart is just aching awfully!"

By this time I was on my knees by her chair; when she made that last forlorn protest, I fell to calling myself a brute, and felt all weak and shaken, and for a moment I knew I was crying in the folds of her gown. Then I said solemnly:

"Cora, some day, some day you will drive me crazy!"

"Don't you be afraid," she cooed soothingly, rubbing my hair all over. "It's just your conscience making you feel so—you'll be all right in a minute." Then sadly: "You know, dear, if you will act so you can't complain about your conscience making your head feel queer."

Ah! she looked so sweet and winsome—her red lips that I had never touched were bent so near my own!

"Let me kiss you, sweetheart—just once," I pleaded—"just once to prove to me that you love me."

"I have told you before that no man but the man I marry—"

"But, my darling, you are going to marry me!" I said wildly. She hastened to soothe me.

"I know, I know Bob, I said so, and I expect I will, but you know, dear, how uncertain I am about such things, especially with you getting unreasonable at me every day or so. Besides, think! if just because I expected to marry a person I had let him kiss me where would I have been! Why! kissed through, I expect. No, dear, you will just have to wait about that till it's an actually done for sure thing for both of us. Don't get to jumping around, dear, please, because here's Maggie."

"Maggie presented a card. 'Come back in ten minutes,' said Cora; then to me: 'Now, Bob, let's have it settled. Are you going to be good and love me and behave as you can, or are you going right on treating me like a brute?'"

"I don't mean to treat you like a brute, and if you send me away I couldn't live a day."

"Don't! you are acting like the broker! I don't want any talk about shooting. Just please tell me nice and quietly—do you love me or not?"

"I love you with all my soul!" I said.

"And you don't love me because I am good or nice or kind—which I am—but just because you love me?"

"Just because I love you," I said, wiping the perspiration from my forehead.

"And Bob"—laying her face up against mine—"Bob, I am good and nice and kind?"

"You are everything that is lovely," I returned, wondering if Heaven was anything like the scent of her hair and the touch of her velvet cheek.

"When you feel like getting cross at me again, you will just remember that I am lovely"—this very wistfully.

"I will never forget it."

Again that little sigh of content—then of a sudden she lifted her arms about my neck and burst into a storm of crying.

"You see, you've got me all nervous," she sobbed, and then went on in a wild tumble of words.

"Oh, you're ever so much better to me than I deserve to have you, and I know I am. You ought to be good and mean to me and teach me; but I am going to be different; I won't act so to you any more. You shall see. I'm going to just up and change entirely myself."

I soothed and petted her, and swore that I would not have her change one smallest bit—that just as she was I loved her.

"Faults and all?" through her sobbing.

"Faults and all—but you haven't any faults."

"Yes, I have; I'm full up of them; but please remember that I haven't any, won't you, Bob?" Then of a sudden she sat up and called Maggie.

"Go and say to Mr. Mead that I have gone to—looking vaguely around—"to Europe"—brightening—"and if he seems very violent, tell him that I will surely be in at three tomorrow." Then to me:

"I will go with you to the Park instead of him. Bob, don't dare tell me a story. Did you bet at Monmouth Park yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Lose?" with awful severity.

"No."

"Win?" frigidly.

"Just a little, Cora."

"Well, if you had made the money any other way you might have bought that dog for me to-day. As it is, I can't let you. Now, dear, don't look so disappointed. You know I told you not to bet, and I won't have you get the idea that if you can make extra money in these crooked and awful ways that you can spend it on me, because you can't. There, never mind. We will go to the Park and have a lovely time!"

And we did. I don't believe I ever will

break off with Cora unless somebody shows me how.

American Dramatists.

The country may be described just now as dotted with wild flocks and droves which have apparently broken loose from all restraint and romp about here and there, sporadically frisking hither and thither, wagging their tails and shaking their heads as if they were engaged in a brilliant gambol.

The lost sheep thus typified are no other than the swarm of so-called American dramatists who have lately swept over the land as did the plague of flies and frogs which infested Egypt in the olden time.

Where they come and whither they are going would be hard to tell, further than that they emerge from chaos and suddenly disappear in utter darkness and oblivion. While they are in a state of incessant activity and bustle we cannot learn that they have any reason for being and putting themselves forward to take a part in the processes and functions of the American stage.

We do not discern in their movements and methods any evidence of a life and antecedents in the direction of such culture and experience as are demanded for the evolution and structure of dramas.

In truth many of them may be diagnosed as morbid outcasts of pursuits whose net results are shoes, counter-jumping or bartending. Their merchandise shows no trademark more aspiring, and only suggests the habits of hucksters and cobbler.

Should a civil service examination be applied to them and put the question as to what constitutes a drama and what ingredients it needs, how organized and disclosed logically from essential elements, we suspect we would have a doleful exhibit of crude incapacity painful to look upon.

The atmosphere of their production, therefore, partakes of undigested narratives, half-leavened characters and the hack verbiage and babble of habitual slang-whangers.

Not an indigenous thought or original idea comes to the surface. We are launched on a dead canal in which no living thing disports, and might admit that there is no propulsion in the boat except such as is imparted to it by the long-eared donkey who strains upon the rope on the tow-path.

In part explanation we may state that not a few of these native crudities are not the intrinsic growth of the theatre, nor do they get upon the stage in obedience to the innate proclivities. They are forced into existence by non-professional speculators and promoters who make their investments in plays on similar propensities as those which govern the bucket-shop and the pool perfected on the dark horse. The time seems to have arrived when stock jobbers in bogus calls and puts should be driven from the temple with the lash.

NEXTOR.

Dramatic Drift.

Candid criticism is sometimes very useful to an author, observes *Texas Sitings*.

A New York playwright who had recently brought out a very sad tragedy, asked a candid friend if he had been to see it.

"Only the first act," was the reply.

"And do you think the first act sublime?" asked the litterateur.

"Well, yes," was the reply. "It is somewhat sublime, but I think you might have added an act that would have been more so; an act that would have been a benefit to the people of this great city."

"And what is that?" was the anxious inquiry.

"The act of throwing the whole thing into the fire. That would have been an act of humanity, a noble act."

That closely shaven gentleman, children, is a Young and Gifted Tra-gedian. How erect is his Car-i-age, is it not? Observe with what haughty he flings a Coin to the son of It-a-ly who has just pol-lah-ed his boots.

He is in Funds just now, as he has the Big Head. Next week he is to go on the Road at the Head of a Summer Soap. His im-age-like the country is waiting his ap-pear-ance as a Star in Breathless Suspense, and that he is going to make Big Money. In about a month he will be back in the city ex-plain-ing that his failure was due to a bad man-a-gement. Must it not be Nice to be a Gifted Young Tra-gedian?—*Life*.

DRAMATIC LOVE.

The leading lady of my heart She is, and I'll ever take her part. Sometime relations with editors at once. I always knew I'm sure I see her between wings.

How great would be my happiness If I could prompt to say yes I'd be her sole support, in fine. If she would promise to be mine.

If she'd so certain answer give As "No," I'd hardly care to live. Think me I ever could endure To turn and say a farewell tour!—*Tid-Bit*.

P. T. Barnum, writing of his relations with the press during his career, says in a recent article: "In the old museum times, and when I began a business which had naturally to do with the public—my knowledge of the newspapers and their managers was of the greatest help to me. I never thought their work should be done without paying for, as so many are apt to think. I knew something of what it cost to run a successful journal and to keep it successful. These things put me in fortunate relations with editors at once. I always knew just what I wanted, and just what I ought to pay for it, and I had always rather pay a trifle too much than to economize in my printing. I have schemes coming to me now and then showing me how I can get public notice more cheaply than do, and presenting the most alluring methods for either underpaying the papers which serve me—or by a wholesale deal—or else taking from them a certain part of their legitimate advertising by spreading my announcements in part in some new way. To all of these schemes I have had but one answer. I can't afford to save money here. I must use the press. And I must use it for all it is worth. No doubt I will save thousands at first by some of the devices and ways suggested, but this is economy that doesn't pay. If I am ever profoundly thankful for any instrumentalities, it is for the editor and his paper. They furnish the wind for my sails. I don't know that I have ever coined a maxim that's worth repeating, but if I ever have it is this: 'I owe my success to printer's ink.'"

When actors take up the art of criticism, writes a critic in the *Chicago Tribune*, it is refreshing to find at least one whose perceptive faculties are not limited by his professional scope. Such a man is Henry Irving who, although his sphere is comedy, has nevertheless sympathies which unite him in spiritual kinship with those Shakespeare-souled actors of his nation—Brettton, Garrick and Kean—the three makers of epochs in art, with whom he will on day be ranked equally as the representative actor of the Victorian era.

A lofty, spire-like and highly ornamental drinking-fountain, with clock-tower, is now being built in the Rother Market, Stratford-on-Avon, at the cost of Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, an American citizen, who, by this munificent and noble gift to the birth-place of Shakespeare, supplies the inhabitants of the town with what has long been felt to be one of its most pressing needs. It will be a durable and beautiful memorial of the friendly feeling existing between the two nations in this Jubilee year of our Queen. The base of the tower is square in plan, with the addition of boldly projecting buttresses placed diagonally at the four corners, terminating with acutely pointed gables surmounted by a lion bearing the arms of Great Britain alternately with the American

single associated with the Stars and Stripes. On the north face is a polished granite basin, having the outline of a large segment of a circle, into which a stream of water is fed constantly from a bronze spout; on the east and west sides are large troughs, of the same general outline and material, for the use of horses and cattle, and beneath these smaller troughs for sheep and dogs. On the south side is a door affording admission to the interior, flanked by two shallow niches, in one of which will be placed a barometer and in the other a thermometer, both of the best construction. Immediately over the basin and the door are molded pointed arches, springing from dwarf columns, with carved capitals. The tympanum of each arch is filled by geometric tracery, profusely enriched with carvings of foliage.

The next story of the tower has on each face a triple arcade with moulded pointed trefoiled arches on slender shafts. The arches are gilded, and light a small chamber, in which the clock is to be placed. At the corners are cylindrical turrets, terminating in conical spirelets in two stages, the surfaces of the cones enriched with scale-like ornament. In the next story are the four dial faces of the clock, under crocketed gables with finials representing "Peach," "Mustard Seed," "Pean Blossom" and "Cobweb." The clock-faces project slightly from a cylindrical tower flanked by four other smaller three-quarter attached turrets of the same general outline, and the four turrets have similar but much smaller spirelets, all five springing from the same level, and all terminating in lofty gilded vanes. The main central cylinder springing is a band of panelling formed of narrow trefoiled arches. The central spire has on four opposite sides gilded spire lights, and, at about one-third of its height, a continuous band of narrow lights to spread the sound of the clock bells. The height from the road to the top of the vane is fifty feet. The clock will be illuminated at night.—*London Illustrated Times*.

Mrs. Langtry is a source of unceasing joy to the fashion and squib writers. No paper is complete without some reference to the actress seven days in the week. The public cry for Langtry matter, whether it be fact or fancy. A contributor to the *World*, having exhausted the rest of the Lily's anatomy, finds a congenial subject in her hair. "One thing about Langtry's head-dress it is difficult to imitate, and that is the exquisite chestnut brown of her silky locks, characteristic English hair that forms the most perfect foil to the pink and white of her complexion. The shade they dye is obtained by bathing the hair frequently in lukewarm water to which half a teaspoonful of hartshorn has been added. It gives the hair an auburn tinge and makes it very glossy, and keeps it soft and pliant. It is a cruel and taking away all its life and drying up the natural oil of the scalp. The only hair dye that is known that does not injure the hair is that used by the Persian women—and down the centuries there has been no change in the hair is known and that one child. No matter what may be the color of a child's hair, and there are even blondes there sometimes, as soon as it obtains to a convenient length it is dyed with henna, and kept dyed as long as she lives. The shade they dye is obtained in a sort of color which when in shadow is absolutely dark, but when the sun's rays strike it all the natural color of the hair is seen. It is a cruel and sometimes seen in this country in children a year or two old, and nothing can be more beautiful than those dark locks lit with the gleaming touch on the turn of the curl, on the fold of the hair or coil of a thick twist of silken hair. In Persia it is taken quite as a matter of course, and many of the wives of ambassadors to Teheran have adopted the custom of dyeing their hair in the same way, as it suffers no injury from the process."

The ubiquitous Crawford, writing from London about the visits of the Royal party to the Wild West, says: "Mr. Coady, when he was presented to them, appeared much easier and more at home than any of the members of this distinguished group. Another very good sight of the morning was the riding of the royalties on the switchback railroad. In one of the cars which pitched and down the inclines there sat the four visiting kings, the Princesses of Wales, her three daughters and two sons. The four kings sat up as solemn and as stiff as so many wooden men. The only movement made by any one of them was an occasional clutch of their high hats. The Prince of Wales, who appeared to enjoy this part of the performance the most. He held up his hand and gave a real feminine scream of delight as the car plunged up and down the course of this switchback railroad. The Princesses of Wales come out very often in the morning for the crowd at the Wild West show and to enjoy the very freedom and absence of formality that she encounters among the managers of this exhibition. Major John M. Burke is a great favorite of hers, and treats her exactly as he would a woman. When he is walking with her at a performance, he keeps his broad-brimmed hat upon his head from first to last. He slightly lifted it as she first approached, but he did not uncover, as did some of the people connected with this show in the presence of the royalties."

"I always hate to strike Detroit," the ballet-master said. "Girls there are so odd—that is, of course, those who come under my supervision. Now, in Chicago these people are as bright as a dollar. I would rather drill a ballet of Chicago girls than those in any other city outside of Philadelphia. The girls are also bright in Cincinnati and St. Louis. The Indianapolis girls are very, very bad. So are the Louisville girls. In Cleveland the girls are dimper, and here in Detroit it's the girls. The Detroit girls drive me wild. Just ask the Hansons ballet-master what the ballet-girls of Detroit are remarkable for. I've told you his answer. The prettiest girls are to be found in Brooklyn. Nice plump figures and rosy cheeks there. Brooklyn is a good place for looks, and Montreal is a gem. You get clear complexioned up in St. Paul and Minneapolis, but poor constitution. Detroit girls have bad complexions, and are usually of bad figure. Perhaps you wonder why I go so strong on complexions. I will tell you. In the first place, it is hard to paint a half hundred women for the holiday season. Good, strong complexions need little or no touching up. I can tell you how a woman who looks in tight by one glance at her figure. It isn't a particular feature, but the general appearance and carriage that indicates the qualifications for my business. The girls who are good are round and convex, the full and the back straight. Some people have a theory that a well-formed arm certifies to nicely molded legs. This is all wrong. The index to the legs is the ankle. I saw a poor ankle and a well-shaped leg, and vice versa."

Have you ever thought of the connection between gas and dramatic art? There is a very strong connection there, as any one may see by going first to a theatre where the stage is well lighted and then to a dimly lighted performance. A large part of the actor's art is in the facial expression. His reading between the lines of his part is expressed by his face and his gestures. Where the audience see the slightest change of facial expression and respond to it, the actor's performance becomes more delicate and artistic; but, on the other hand, where he finds no response to delicate acting, he exaggerates and overacts until his performance is not an example of art, but a specimen of caricature.

The traditions of melodrama, says *Our Society*, deserve to be treated with that respect and consideration which is always due to venerable institutions. Tradition is strong upon the stage, and your true melodramatic actor can forgive any crime but an innovation. It is related that in an early edition of Hamlet there was a frontispiece representing the closet scene at the instant of the ghost's appearance. Hamlet had started from the chair in which he was sitting, and in so doing he burst the door open with a fierce blow, which presumably breaks the lock off. He then delivers his last three words and exits, leaving the door wide open. But this is amusing, and is unimportant compared with the gratuitous insult offered to the intelligence of the audience in the "slow music." The play is approaching a point of interest, the audience is worked up to a pitch of excitement, the actors are bracing themselves for an active situation, when suddenly the leader of the orchestra taps sharply on his desk, and informs the audience, in tremulous tones on his violin, that a scene of harrowing interest is approaching. The effect, however, is the opposite to that which was intended. The interest which the audience had been working for is lost, and the audience, their feelings bruised and battered, sink back into indifference.

once as to the outcome of the struggle between injured innocence and baffled vitality.

Bautier de Kolta, the Hungarian conjuror and the inventor of the now famous vanishing lady, has introduced at the Egyptian Hall, London, a novel illusion, which he calls "La Cocco, illustration de ver-a-sole." M. de Kolta's cocoon is of abnormal size, far too large to be concealed upon one's sleeve, and the keenest-eyed spectator cannot say whence it comes. In the first place, the performer sows the seed upon two upright supports, and upon this he places a small piece of tissue paper, upon which he makes a rude drawing of the object which he wishes to appear. Suddenly tearing away the tissue paper, he then shows the cocoon, which is large enough to admit of the appearance at the top, by a process of development, of the head and shoulders of Mme. de Kolta, attired to imitate a fine specimen of moths or butterflies. The illusion is full of light of the audience and with a strong light upon both stage and performance.

Attempts are making to suppress the *marchaude de billets* in Paris, who infest the doors of the theatres and worry the passers with offers of tickets dearer or cheaper than the box-office prices. The municipal council is at the head of this movement, but it has a small chance of success for several reasons, chief of which is liberty of commerce. The police can not prevent managers from selling their tickets as they think proper. The managers, or some of them, find it useful to have a supply of tickets at the door and to wait for days until they can buy places. Evidently, so long as managers, on the eve of a new piece, find it advantageous to insure themselves by selling the necessary number of tickets to a speculator before the curtains rise on the first night, house emissaries will continue to hang around the box-office and to invite you to come and buy a place from their "patron," who sits with his box of coupons in a neighboring wine-shop.

The *Imperial Review* has made out a list of what it considers the best hundred plays. It allows each author only one selection. First on the list is King Lear, followed by Moliere's Tartuffe, Victor Hugo's Marion de Lorme, the School for Scandal, Richelieu, Virginius, Schiller's Marie Stuart, and Sardou's Dora. She Stoops to Conquer, Mlle. de Seleste, by Dumas pere, La Dame aux Camellias, by Dumas fils, Gilbert and Sullivan's Patience, Lower down in the list come Roscius's Octoroon, Murphy's Way to Keep Him, Morten's Speed the Plough, Mrs. Centlivre's Busbody, and Cumberland's West Indian. The Silver King, and Romany Rye are considered the best melodramas. Among the best comedies are Moser's Der Bibliothekar, mingled into The Private Secretary, Poole's Paul Pry, and Harrison's Filles de Marbre (The Marble Heart). Never too Late to Mend, The Woman in White, Fair-coiner's Xtrames Holcroft's Road to Ruin, Mrs. Cowley's The Belle's Stratagem, Pyat's Rag Picker of Paris, Angier's Le Gendre de M. Poirier, Feuillet's Dalia, Morris's Youth, Kotzebue's The Stranger, and Venice Preserved, and Darrel's Forlorn Hope, are among those placed high. Such a list, however, a best, is utterly unsatisfactory.

An English opera company sang The Mikado recently in the public hall, Yokohama, under the name of Three Little Maids from School. The manager went to one of the Yokohama lawyers and asked about the propriety of producing the whole piece in its original shape. The lawyer advised him to suppress the third Mikado and also to introduce a few slight changes in the wording. So the manager went on and advertised the performance in the local papers, when he received a letter from the consular authorities that the singing him certain penalties if he produced the piece. It seems that some of the Government people thought the piece was too satirical to be produced in that country, and requested the consular authorities to suppress the liberties to interfere. In consequence of this, some songs were left out in their entirety, and lots of changes were made. The opening song, "If you want to know who we are gentlemen, we are Japanese," was changed to "We are gentlemen of Siam." On account of these changes and omissions, the performance was not as harmonious as when produced elsewhere. But this piece was presented in Yokohama for the first time, and therefore the house was literally full. The company was induced to perform a second time, and was said to have made more money in the two nights than in six previous performances of other pieces.

Rosa, the danseuse of the Kiraly company, talked to a reporter recently about the character dances by amateurs at a fashionable garden-party. "Only one of the girls," she said, "showed any real aptitude for it. The others danced prettily, in the staid, decorous way of the ball-room, but this one put life and genuine spirit into every movement. She put the arms around one another, and the feet on the floor, each with a lady in front of him. And as the girls, with arms akimbo, turned their heads first over one shoulder, then over the other, the young men made decorous offers to embrace them. All the girls but this one smiled at the first offer, and then they fawned it must be to see them up there doing such undignified things; she, however, stood squarely on her feet, swung her body round each time, looked at her partner on his knees as if the stage business were a matter of course, and a charity exhibition—in short, was easy, graceful, and unstrained in her actions. And in another figure, all the young ladies stood in a row at the back of the pavilion; they put their arms around one another's backs, and came tripping down to the front. It is a pretty movement; everybody has seen it done in comic opera. Lack-a-day! this one girl only tossed her head freely as she put forth one foot, and then another, and she was the only one who put the foot down with a consequentiality. And when the line broke, at the front of the stage, and the girls all ran back to their respective partners, she was the only one who turned with sufficient vivacity to permit of her partner's seeing her; she matched exactly with her mauve shoes. She would undoubtedly shine in the front row of any ballet; the others would have to caper for months in the rear."

Rosina Vokes said recently in an interview: "What I object to, when a woman wears modern trappings on the stage, is that she practically can not move. Of course she can walk, and perhaps she can fall in a pleasant-looking faint, but as for being graceful in high-heeled shoes, with her dress tied back as tightly as it will go, and particularly with her sleeves so tight that it is an impossibility for her to raise her arms an inch, it is simply not to be done. Just imagine a girl trying to embrace a big bear—she would never get her arms round him, to save her life, she could not get her elbows four inches from her waist!" Miss Vokes has, as every woman anxious upon the subject knows, invented some sort of divided skirt to wear when dancing. It is very simple. The foundation garment is very like what Mrs. Jennie Miller calls "leg-lettes"—a sort of silk trowsers, wide and straight, reaching the ankle and hemmed. Just at the edge of each knee a slit is put on which falls just to the bend of the knee. It is about two yards and a half around, but killed into just the size of the trowsers, and stitched on. At the thigh another slit of equal width is stitched on, so that one falling over the first to the edge of the hemmed trowsers. Standing erect in these four slits it would be impossible for the keenest-eyed woman to say that there was anything to it but a very "funny" full skirt. Over this divided skirt is put another skirt of the same material, but made in the ordinary way, and gathered to a yoke: some five or six inches below the waist. This reduces the amount of clothing over the hips and around the waist to very few thicknesses, while the limbs are kept as warm and as closely covered as possible. Of course it is without saving that it makes the most absolutely modest dancing dress that ever was known. The utmost abandon, the most trying poses, may be indulged in, and there is not even the least hint of a half round off a slender ankle to be had—only a fascinating fro-frou of silk and lace. At first Miss Vokes used her reformed garment only on the stage, but afterward, having caught her heel in her petticoats and nearly broken her neck in climbing a four-in-hand coach on the other side, she had some divided skirts made for walking skirts, and has used them ever since, taking the greatest comfort in them, and knowing all the while that, no matter what accident befalls her, she will not have the discomfort of realizing that she has made an unpleasant display of white lace and lawn.

A Little Story.

A little head set round with clasp/ring hair. A little face, so smiling, fresh and fair. A little forehead rippling o'er with gold, A little story—short and quickly told.

The mother's pet, the father's pride and joy. The sunshine in the house, their golden boy. Core of their hearts, and diol of their eyes. Their sweetest treasure—all on earth they prize.

Faded his brightness, ceased his mimic play. Hushed his shrill laughter, closed his op'ning eye. Dimmed his clear eyes, quite stilled his baby breath. Cold his mute form—fast bound in rigid death.

A cherub he lent for a few short hours. Then called back home, to Heaven's immortal bowers. And we must sleep and humbly hush the rod. And give our borrowed treasure back—to God.

L. V.

The Actresses' Corner.



It's too warm to talk of fashions or clothes. I am incensed at the folly of Eve every time I think of her such weather as this; so I'll write about something else.

What I know about cranks would fill a book, and what I know of freaks will fill a column this warm morning (I hope). I must have been in my fourth year when the hotel at which my parents boarded was invaded by a party that to this day I remember as clearly as the crank I met yesterday. It was headed by Charles Freeman, the American Giant, who was also a pugilist and had fought, or did fight, somewhere about that time. There was an India-Rubber Man, a Tattooed Man, a man without arms who cut silhouettes with his toes, and a girl who imitated birds and was called the Human Woodland Bird.

It was a great gang, and the town was much more excited over its advent than they ever were afterward over Barnum's Aggregated four-footed Congress.

I enjoyed that Tattooed Man's back as much as a picture-book, while the India-Rubber Man, who made a hopscotch of himself and looked at me with the seat of his pantaloons resting on his manly brow, delighted me. I considered my father as a rather inferior person, since he couldn't sit on his own head to please his child, however he tried.

The Woodland Bird was not quite up to my critical ability, and I'm inclined to think she enjoyed the title more as a compliment than on account of her accomplishments. She was the manager's pet, and her woodland notes delighted him. It was some such weather as the present when this party struck the hotel. Freeman was a tremendous fellow, fat as a seal. He put on a suit of pajamas and never left the hotel except for the evening show. As I was put to bed about the time he left the house, I never saw him in citizen's attire; but on the pajama business he was the biggest man I ever saw in the show line.

There was a wonderful little dwarf, born somewhere in Massachusetts, called Dolly Dutton. She is long ago dead. She was the sweetest little marvel that ever lived. Mrs. Tom Thumb Magri and her little sister, who died, always when young had old-fashioned, weakened faces. This Dolly looked to be so many months when she was so many years.

I was on the cars near Springfield one day when a lady on the next seat went away and left her baby lying on the opposite cushion. It began to stir, and I went to it and sh-sh-sh-d it after the usual fashion. It opened its big eyes and held out a tiny hand, and said: "Thank you; I have slept as long as I want to. Napping in the daytime never agrees with me."

This speech was addressed to a statue of stone; I was fairly petrified. To all appearance this was a year-old baby conversing like an old lady. That was the wonderful little Dutton dwarf at the age of twelve or fourteen. I thought of the ancient dame who saw a small boy, in the Boston depot, crying by the wash-room door.

"What's the matter, bubby?" asked the lady.

"I can't get up to the basin to wash my hands," said the boy. The lady took him in and fixed him up nicely; brushed his hair and wiped his nose. All at once she paused and blurted out:

"How old are you, sonny, for heaven's sake?"

"Thirty-seven last March," blubbered the famous dwarf, Major Page, and that old Boston lady had as good a fit as they'd seen in New England for years. He must have been far cleverer than the majority of freaks, for he constantly amused himself with such practical jokes.

I have enjoyed the friendship of three fat women and two living-skeleton men, and the whole five were eternally reviving their past when the fat was lean and the lean was fat. Hannah Battersby, weighing over 600 pounds, carried a photograph in her capacious bosom representing a thin rail of a freckle-faced country girl, and that was Hannah at the age of fourteen. On the other hand, a poor, cadaverous creature, who couldn't have weighed more than his bare bones, used to sit on the couch that was one day his death-bed, in Bunell's Museum, and study the picture of a big, stout young fellow—a picture of himself ten years before.

The most interesting freak I ever knew was that loosely constructed gentleman who can turn round in his skin; who can take a nip at his forehead and pull it over his eyes; who wrings the calf of his leg out as a laundress would the leg of his under drawers; who takes the skin on his fingers and pulls it off a few inches, as he would the finger of a glove. There's nothing to hinder his making a couple of holes in the back of his head and turning completely round in his cuticle, as a man does in his bag, at a sack-race sometimes. If ever he gets tired of the front view, no doubt he'll try it.

FROU-FROU.

Gossip of the Town.

Albert Riddle has been re-engaged for A Rag Baby.

Helen Bancroft has been re-engaged in Dion Boucicault's support.

The minstrels are all drawn up in line ready to march upon the provinces.

George W. Lynch has assumed the management of William Cullington in For Congress.

E. D. Griswold has been engaged as advance agent of the Lights of London company.

George H. Adams, of Zoro fame, will run out a vaudeville company for a short Summer tour.

John T. Kelly asks us to say that he has no connection with Harry Phillips' company, as stated last week.

Charles W. Allison is engaged for a comic opera season of eight weeks in Philadelphia, opening on August 1.

James E. Cooke, once a well-known circus-rider, is at present driving a bub-tail street-car in Columbia, S. C.

Harley Merry's Argonauts will go out next season under Sheldon Bateman's management. The opening is set for August 22 in Brooklyn.

Franklyn Reglid has concluded to continue in newspaper work until the regular season begins. He has had several offers of engagement.

Newton Beers has engaged Mlle. Teresina Corlota to lead the fairy ballet in Lost in London. She was formerly connected with the Grand Opera House, Paris.

The pink ball room scene in Erminie is being repainted by Henry E. Hoyt. The first and third scenes are likewise undergoing rejuvenation at the hands of Sydney Chidley.

The following is the full company engaged for Bartram and Burbidge's Night Off: John Flood, Robert Edeson, Mills Hall, Mrs. E. A. Eberle, Ethel Barrington, Mary Clare and Carrie Walton.

Harry C. Clarke will take John T. Kelly's original part in The Tigers with Dan Mason, opening at Providence July 25. He has been recently playing Corbett in The Silver King with the Boston Theatre company.

J. W. McAndrews and Frank Cushman have been secured for Sweatnam, Rice and Fagan's Minstrels. McAndrews is the typical darkey of the ante-bellum days, and is famous as "The Watermelon Man." Cushman is imitable as the well colored gentleman—barber or waiter—of the present. These two knights of burnt-cork will furnish a contrast.

An occasional Pittsburg correspondent writes THE MIRROR: "Lillian Spencer has arranged with Sardou for an emotional drama. Miss Spencer will be backed by a syndicate in the season '88-9. She will leave for Paris in about a fortnight and remain abroad for some time. She will play a short season next Spring."

"The spectacular production of Held by the Enemy, which will open the regular season of the Star Theatre," said Alexander Comstock, "will be a gala occasion in every respect. For the first time in this city, Mr. Gillette will appear as the Correspondent. The cast will include Louise Dillon, Melbourne McDowell and one or two others of the old cast in their original parts."

"Our trial trip with Beacon Lights, covering five weeks, was successful far beyond our expectations," said Pierce L. Jarvis, business representative of the play. "Manager Pulsifer had given much careful work to the production—to the play, company and scenery—and all went admirably. As evidence of its success, we have already booked seventeen weeks in the large cities. George Learock will continue in the leading role, and the cast will be carefully selected."

"I have just engaged Annie Lewis as my soubrette for next season," said Roland Reed, "and I feel quite overjoyed at the contract, for I consider the lady one of the brightest and most natural soubrettes I have ever seen. We will open our season on August 22 at the Boston Museum with Dr. Quack, Fred. Maeder's new comedy-drama, the manuscript of which I will not receive until August 1. I have re-engaged all but three of my old company."

W. W. Kelly writes from London: "On July 14 we produce Shadows of a Great City at the Princess' Theatre, and hope that it will duplicate the success of its American sister. Held by the Enemy. An exceptionally strong cast includes J. H. Barnes, Harry Nicholls, Harry Parker, Donald Robertson, Catherine Lewis, Lizzie Fletcher and Alice Chandos. Should the Shadows prove a success, we will follow it up with other American plays, such as Steele Mackaye's Anarchy and Laura Don's Daughter of the Nile. We are in negotiation for James O'Neill's Monte Cristo."

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London News and Gossip.

LONDON, June 30, 1887.

The most important theatrical event which has transpired since my last has been partly due to your nation, in that it grew out of Mrs. Brown-Potter's recent descent upon our shores. In other words, Mrs. J. B. P., having failed to create any marked impression in her debut at the Haymarket in Man and Wife, lately bought the rights of Deloit's Made-moiselle De Bressier, for the purpose of making a second attack on Press and Public, and to reverse, if possible, the verdict at first pronounced upon her. The result of all this was (after a trial trip at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, on Saturday afternoon) tested on Monday night at the Gaiety—from which house Richard Henry's enormously successful burlesque, Monte Cristo, Jr., had just been taken in twenty vans to the Grand Theatre in Islington, where it has also caught on immensely. But a truce to digression.

The English version of Mademoiselle De Bressier is called Civil War, and has been prepared by Herman Merivale, usually a clever adapter, but in this case not at all up to his former form. The English rights of this piece were originally acquired by Henry Irving, though what he intended to do with the play is not clear to the naked eye and mind. Anyhow, H. I., with appropriate gallantry, waived his claims in favor of your Society Beauty, who has taken unto herself the character of the much troubled heroine. At Civil War's trial trip, at Brighton on Saturday I observed many countenances well known in London theatrical circles; but a still greater number of brilliant and fashionables filled the Gaiety on Monday—when the piece was weighed and found wanting—wanting not so much in interest as in constructive ability. Some of the crudeness of construction noticeable on Saturday night might have been remedied by Monday; but, strange to say, little had been done except to give the piece another mounting, which at the Gaiety is truly magnificent.

I do not propose to trouble MIRROR readers with special details of the story of Civil War, but to go straight to the acting, catching up a suggestion or so of plot as I go along. Mrs. Brown Potter, as the heroine aforesaid, daughter of a Versailles general, showed great improvement upon her Anne Sylvester form, especially in the pathetic and denunciatory passages. Also, she of course wore some lovely dresses—although the fair one seems to have a tendency to put on evening dress for a morning call—but that by the way. The hero of Civil War is a fine part, of the gushing, romantic order. It is an artist madly in love with the heroine, Faustine de Bressier, who during the proceedings has given up the artist's father, a communist, to be shot by the Versailles. This character is finely played by Kylie Bellow, who suddenly turned up, after all, and took the part after declining it because (as he said) he couldn't get off in time.

You Americans seem to have quite cured K. B. of the pronounced mannerisms that used to mar his acting. For this relief much thanks.

Manager Edwardes has engaged James Fernandez, Amy Roselle, J. T. Shine, John Maclean, Stephen Caffrey, Arthur Dacre, Julia Gwynne, and Fanny Brough to play the remaining characters (which are meagre). Altogether, he and Mrs. B. P. have spent a lot of money; but whether they will get it back is, I should say, open to question.

An event which also had some connection with America came off on Tuesday afternoon at the Princess, when an adaptation, by Mr. Richard Davey (formerly of New York), of Victor Hugo's Marion de Lorme, was presented by Miss Houlston, a young actress who has hitherto shown very good form. She did not show very good form on Tuesday, though by reason of the part being too strong for her. Still, she came through creditably and showed true pathos here and there. Good assistance was rendered her by William Rignold, Yorke Stephens and Lawrence Cantley. The rest of the players were not up to much.

The adapter managed to preserve and to give with some effect several of the big situations in the piece, and these were rewarded with applause; but, as a whole, the play was crude and vague.

After the curtain had fallen, the adapter, responding to a call for "author," proceeded to give off, in an excited manner, a denunciation of some dastard in front who had written an anonymous letter to Miss Houlston, telling her that she was playing vilely and advising her to drop the curtain forthwith. Of course, such a proceeding deserved denunciation, but when Mr. Davey went on to analytically criticize the young lady's acting, the audience felt that he had gone beyond his province, and had unconsciously imparted to the proceedings an element of what had been sadly lacking in the play—low comedy, to wit.

Another item of interest to New Yorkers is the fact that Held, by the Enemy, which has for some time occupied the Princess' stage, is to be transferred to the Vaudeville (a much smaller house) on Saturday night. And still another is that your Mr. Clay Greene's new musical comedy, Hans the Boatman, is to be

produced for the first time in London at the Grand, up at Merrie Islington, on Monday, with Charles Arnold in the name-part. This play has already had a long provincial tour. More anon. GAWAIN.

Gossip of the Town.



This is a portrait of Annie Robe, a charming actress, whose services will be in demand for leading business when it is known that she is disengaged.

Time is open at Tony Pastor's Theatre from August 1.

Charles H. Bradshaw, the comedian, is still disengaged for next season.

Gracie Emmett has been re-engaged for T. J. Farron's Soap Bubble company.

Walter Fessler has been engaged for Saphire and Melville's Philadelphia theatre.

Patrice, the soubrette, is thinking over an offer to engage with Beacon Light.

T. M. Hardy has been engaged to play heavy leading business with Patti Rosa.

"Pony" Moore, the London minstrel, is reported to have arrived in this city on Monday.

The new Murray Opera House, St. Paul, Minn., will open on Oct. 25 and not August 25.

Only a Farmer's Daughter will tour the Northwest with Marion Abbott in the title role.

Harry L. Hamlin is in town looking after the interests of the Grand Opera House, Chicago.

Marie Petravsky is summering at Oneida, N. Y. She is at liberty for juveniles or soubrettes.

James Grant, familiarly known as "Jumbo," of Dixey's tigers, has been engaged for W. U. & Co.

J. M. Hill is converting one of the property rooms of the Union Square Theatre into a library.

Rehearsals of Legardere, which is to be produced at Niblo's Garden on August 15, will begin next week.

Emily Kean has declined an offer from Monroe and Rice to appear in the soubrette role in My Aunt Bridget.

M. A. Kennedy has been engaged by Henry Johnson for W. U. & Co. He will play T. Willie Rockingham.

John Canfield, brother of Eugene Canfield, has been engaged by Hoyt and Thomas for the Tin Soldier company.

R. C. Varian has been engaged by Eugene Tompkins for the production of A Run of Luck at the Boston Theatre.

Ed. Van Veghten has been telegraphed for to join the opera company that opens in The Little Tycoon at Atlantic City.

James V. Cooke, business manager of the Tin Soldier, is an ardent baseballist. He has managed several Western teams.

Sally Cohen, for two years with the Bunch of Keys company, has been engaged for Monroe and Rice's Aunt Bridget company.

Joseph A. Ott has arrived in town. He has been engaged for a prominent part in Tobogganing, Mestayer's new skit. Rehearsals begin next week.

George Parker has been engaged for Venus in A Rag Baby; but the same claim is made by Manager Rosenbaum, of the Marinelli vaudeville company.

The rights to May Blossom in towns in New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey where the play has not been seen, have been purchased from Gus Frohman by Joseph Adelman.

Sedlev Brown's new play, The Shadow on the Hearth, created such a good impression on its recent production in the West as to bring applications for dates from several well-known managers.

The Anglo-American Attraction Agency has secured the American rights to Haunted Lives, a English melodrama by J. Wilton Jones, produced with success at the Olympic Theatre, London.

Mrs. Lou Throop will spend part of the Summer at Atlantic City. Her daughter Clara is with the Criterion Opera company touring Ohio, and is receiving very flattering notices for her work.

Imre Kiralfy has patented all the electric appliances used in the spectacle of The Fall of Babylon, and reports that he is engaged to furnish all the Summer entertainment at Staten Island for the next five years.

Charles Dickson has been engaged by Joseph Arthur for The Still Alarm. Mr. Arthur has recently purchased two handsome white horses for the engine-house scene. They are from Montpelier, Vt., and are fine specimens of horse-flesh.

It is reported that a proposition to lease the theatre part of the Madison Square Garden when the new building has been erected by the company now owning it, has been made by A. M. Palmer, and that the manager's offer is being looked upon favorably.

Tony Pastor's mother died of paralysis in this city on Sunday last, aged eighty-two years. The remains were embalmed and placed in the family vault to await the arrival of Mr. Pastor, when the funeral will take place. Mr. Pastor will sail for home on July 25.

Blondin, the tight-rope dancer, who has not been in this country in twenty years, will, it is said, come over next Summer on a professional visit.

So difficult has it been to get a tenant for the Mount Morris Theatre, in Harlem, which is situated over the car-stables of the Third Avenue Railroad, that the owners are proposing that they will rebuild the theatre entirely to suit any reputable manager who will take it at a moderate rental.

During the Summer quite a number of changes are to be made in the interior of the Union Square Theatre. The old boxes are to be torn out and replaced by new; the old Mackaye seats will be succeeded by more comfortable chairs, and the whole interior is to be redecorated and recarpeted. A new proscenium arch is also to be put in.

Jerome Ravel, the pantomimist, may come to this country in the Fall. If he is well enough, he may come over to superintend the production of one of the old-time Ravel pantomimes, Mazulin, which the Kiralfy Brothers will produce under the management of I. Fleishman at the Philadelphia Academy of Music as soon as Legardere is running smoothly at Niblo's Garden.

John A. Stevens: "In recent interview in THE MIRROR I said that Hypocrite played to more money on the first week at the Fourteenth Street Theatre than Denman Thompson drew in the first week of The Old Homestead at the same house. I thought the information came from a trustworthy source; hence the assertion. I stand corrected by the figures given by Mr. Rosenquest, which show a difference of considerably over \$2,000 in favor of The Homestead. I look upon Mr. Rosenquest as a man of strict business integrity, and do not hesitate to accept his word in anything. I never did business with a man more honorable in his dealings."

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Ada Gray, Syracuse, August 29.
Augusta Van Doren, Providence, August 29.
Booth-Barrett company, Buffalo, Sept. 10.
Annie Pixley, Providence, Sept. 10.
Harry and Fay, Boston, August 15.
Benj. Maginley, Hoboken, August 29.
Bella Moore, Rockville, Ind., August 15.
Carleton Opera company, Detroit, Sept. 5.
C. Erle Verser, Cincinnati, August 28.
Clump of the Old Block company, Columbus, O., August 20.
C. B. Welles, Philadelphia, August 20.
Clio, Brooklyn, Sept. 12.
Dion Boucault, San Francisco, August 22.
Domine's Daughter company, New York City, August 20.
Dark Secrets, Philadelphia, Sept. 12.
Edie Elster, 102 Branch, N. J., August 31.
Kwangelio, Milwaukee, August 8.
Fantasma, Toronto, Sept. 5.
Floy Crowell, Augusta, Me., August 15.
Fred, Bryton, Attleboro, Mass., August 20.
Florence Biedler, Newark, N. J., August 29.
Frank Daniels, Syracuse, N. Y., August 20.
Frank Mayo, Buffalo, August 15.
Fanny Davenport, Jersey City, Oct. 17.
Frank L. Frayne, Brooklyn, E. D., Sept. 5.
Gwynne's Oath company, New York City, August 15.
Held by the Enemy, New York City, August 20.
Henry Chasfron, Boston, Sept. 5.
Helene Adell, Tokyo, Mass., August 20.
Hole in the Gro-dad company, New York City, Sept. 10.
Imperial Burlesque company, Philadelphia, Sept. 26.
Joseph Murphy, Philadelphia, Sept. 26.
J. B. Polk, Brooklyn, Sept. 12.
John S. Clarke, Philadelphia, Oct. 10.
J. Z. Little, Lafayette, Ind., August 31.
John P. Ward, Brooklyn, E. D., Sept. 12.
James O'Neill, Hartford, Ct., Sept. 5.
Janie V. Adams, St. Louis, August 27.
Joseph Jefferson, Albany, Sept. 10.
Le Y. page 20 Suisse, Louisville, Sept. 5.
Lizzie Evans, Cincinnati, August 15.
Lillian Olcott, Brooklyn, E. D., August 20.
Lillian Lewis, St. Louis, Sept. 12.
L. L. Lita, Chicago, Sept. 12.
Milton Nobles, Los Angeles, N. J., August 15.
Margaret Mather, Rochester, N. Y., August 20.
Michael Strofoff, Montreal, August 15.
Murray and Murphy, Elizabeth, N. J., August 25.
Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Brooklyn, E. D., Sept. 12.
Night Off company, Eastport, Me., August 15.
Nat C. Goodwin, St. Joseph, Mo., Sept. 20.
Odell Williams, N. Y., Sept. 1.
Patti Rosa, Baltimore, Sept. 12.
Passion's Slave company, Westbury, R. I., August 25.
Robson and Crane, New York City, Sept. 26.
Roland Reed, Boston, August 22.
Rag Baby company, Bay City, Mich., August 27.
Streets of New York, Providence, Sept. 12.
Silver King company, Chicago, August 20.
Sweatman, Rice and Fagan's Minstrels, Albany, Sept. 25.
Skipped by the Light of the Moon, Port Huron, Mich., August 8.
Sol Smith Russell, St. John, N. B., July 25.
Sallie Hinton, Bristol, Pa., Sept. 12.
Still Alarm company, New York City, August 20.
Shadows of a Great City, Boston, Sept. 5.
Tim Soldier company, Flint, Mich., August 15.
T. W. Keene, Chicago, Sept. 5.
Ullie & Alstrom, Elizabeth, N. J., Sept. 5.
W. J. Sea land, San Francisco, August 20.
White Slave company, New York City, August 20.
William Cullington, Philadelphia, Sept. 26.
Zoso, New York City, Sept. 5.

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ST. PAUL, MINN.,

Will Open on Sept. 19,

Will Open on Oct. 25.

Entire week, by BOOTH-BARRETT.

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Both theatres will maintain the same scale of prices—viz: \$1.25, \$1.00, 75c., 50c., 25c., 10c., and will hold at these figures \$500 and \$1,000, respectively, their capacity being as follows: Hennepin Avenue Theatre, 2,000; Murray Opera House, 2,500. At these figures and according to this scale, the management feel confident of reaching all classes of theatre-goers and establishing a clientele that will always give remunerative returns at the box-office.

These theatres are leased and controlled by SACKETT, WIGGINS & WOOD, who also own the controlling interest in the stock companies who build and are building these theatres. The investments represent \$500,000 outside of the ground upon which the theatres stand. Notwithstanding certain speculations and insinuations, the theatres are established facts, and no lengthy correspondence need be made by reputable managers for time. One letter, one telegram, is all that is necessary to decide contract.

The Hennepin Avenue Theatre will be personally managed by MR. F. P. WEADON and the Murray Opera House by MR. J. M. WOOD.

Mr. J. M. Wood, whose reputation is known as an eminent theatrical architect, has designed and is personally superintending the construction of the theatres, and being financially interested in these properties, is sparing no pains to make them gems.

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Appropos of the theatre proper: It has a frontage of seventy-five feet and built of A-der-on red pressed brick, with terra cotta trimmings, of chaste and airy architecture. The main entrance is the centre of the building, on the ground floor, and is thirty feet in width and thirty-five feet deep, finished in relief work, red wood and Tennessee marble. Antique doors prevail throughout. The gallery entrance and balcony exit are right and left of this grand entrance. The entrance leads into a magnificent foyer, on the right and left of which, respectively, are music-rooms and parlors and a gentlemen's smoking-room. The foyer is decorated in the most elaborate manner possible; mirror doors and velvet curtains cutting off noise and drafts. The auditorium is seated with embossed leather chairs, and two feet eight inches has been allowed between rows, thus enabling the auditors to reach seats without disturbing other occupants. Open loges sweeping through the center of the house and six lower proscenium boxes complete the arrangement. The same number of upper proscenium boxes and loges are arranged in like manner in the balcony. The proscenium arch and sounding board is built of open iron and wood work and the architectural designs filled with cathedral glass jewels, backed by lights, the whole effect being, when the house is lighted, to present a jeweled frame. The stage is ample. The proscenium arch is thirty-seven feet high, thirty-four feet wide and is of brick and iron. From stage floor to gridiron the distance is sixty-eight feet; between fly galleries thirty-five feet; depth of stage forty-one feet. A full set of scenery from the studios of Sosman and Landis is in the grooves and scene room. The design is East Indian; the prevailing colors low bronzes and blues. The exits, dressing rooms and conveniences are numerous, and the entire building is heated by steam and lit by the Mather Incandescent Electric Lights. Free check rooms and complete service will be maintained and every effort made to make the theatre pleasant. The club rooms in front of the theatre proper will be occupied by the Nicollet Club, of Minneapolis.

The Opera House will have a frontage of one-hundred feet; will be six stories in height and its architectural exterior will be a fac simile of an East Indian temple. It will be built of red pressed brick. The entrance will be thirty feet wide and will lead into an open court or art gallery. This gallery will open into the foyers. From the gallery, on one side, a broad stairway will lead to a gentlemen's smoking room, and on the other to a ladies' music room. The house will seat 2,500 people. The designs are to be Oriental, or to speak more precisely, East Indian. A feature of the construction will be that the proscenium arch will be made of iron relief work, fitted in with cathedral glass. It will be illuminated with incandescent lights, but none of them will be in sight. The lights will shine through stained glass. The proscenium boxes will be miniature Moorish temples. In addition to these boxes there will be a number of Parisian boxes, which open from the foyer. In all there will be about 300 box seats. The stage will be forty-one feet deep from the curtain line, six feet between the fly galleries, and seventy-two feet from the stage to the rigging loft. The drop-curtains will be built on the best approved scientific principles. There will be two galleries. An arrangement will be made by which the doors for exit may be thrown open automatically. The Murray Opera House will be one of the finest west of New York. It will be opened Oct. 25, in connection with the opening of the Hennepin Avenue Opera House in Minneapolis. The same service mentioned in the Hennepin Avenue Theatre will be given in this house.

The population of St. Paul has now reached 150,000 and Minneapolis turns the post at 175,000. The population of both cities is continually increasing and the Inter-State Commerce bill has not, nor will, affect business in the Northwest.

All communications should be addressed to the General Manager,

J. E. SACKETT,

Room 12, 95 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.